

RADIO MIRROR

10¢

MAY



ROOSEVELT Believes Radio Fostered Nation's Faith

Kate SMITH Tells All
in "I Speak for Myself"

Is Will ROGERS Becoming
The Home-Spun Crusader?

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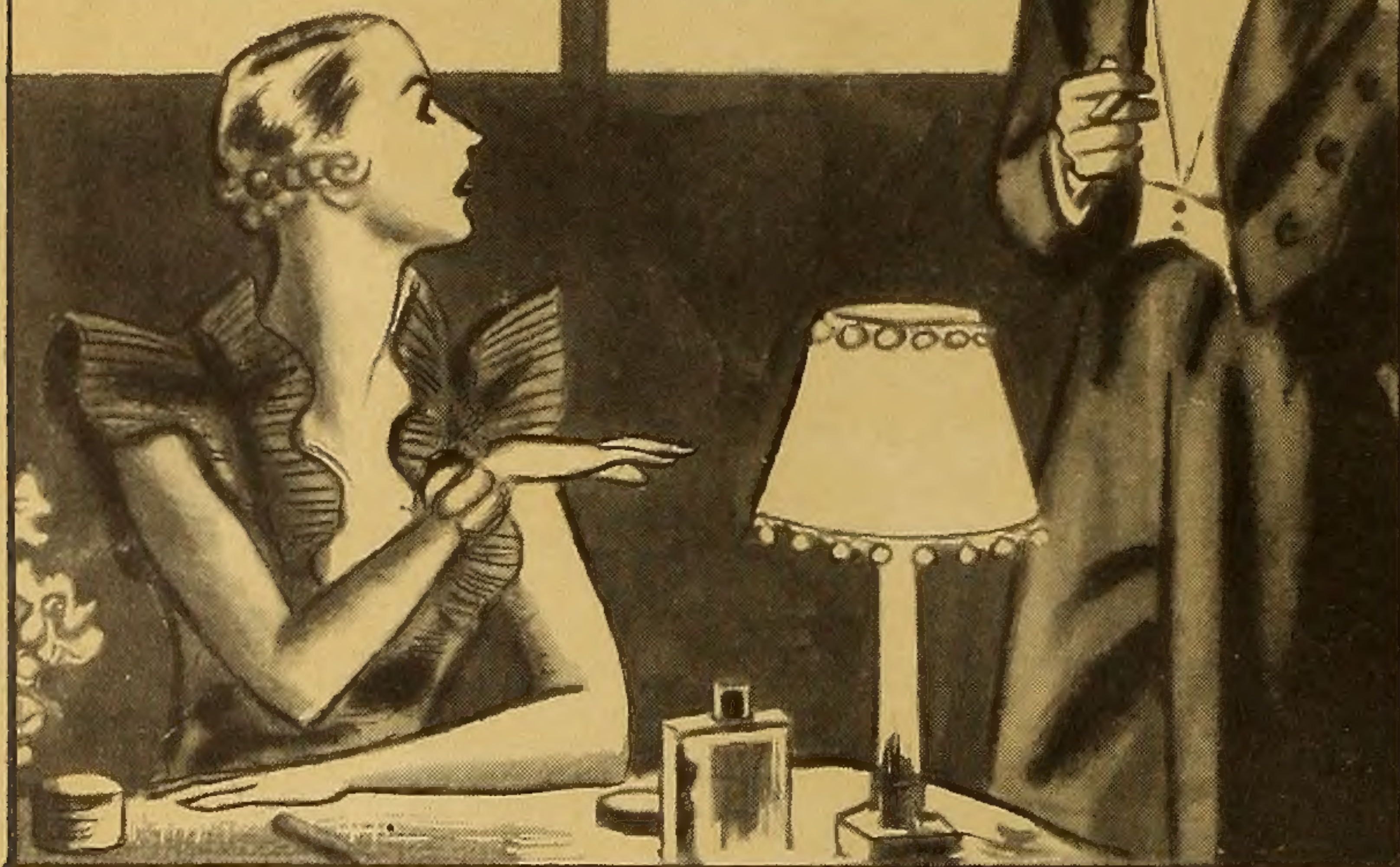


It Happens

TO THE BEST LAID PLANS

JUST LOOK
AT MY NAILS.
AND I DID WANT
THEM TO LOOK NICE
FOR BETTY'S PARTY
TONIGHT.

WHAT HAVE YOU
BEEN DOING
TO THEM, HELEN?
THEY LOOK
LOVELY AS
A RULE.



I THOUGHT I'D BE
SMART AND SAVE A
FEW PENNIES, SO I
LET THE CLERK TALK
ME INTO BUYING A
CHEAP LIQUID POLISH.

A PRETTY
EXPENSIVE WAY
TO SAVE
A FEW CENTS,
WASN'T IT?



NEVER AGAIN!
I'LL ALWAYS STICK
TO
AFTER THIS.
I'M CURED!

GOOD GIRL.
DON'T EVER
LET THEM PUT A
"BARGAIN" OVER
ON YOU AGAIN.



DON'T MISTAKE
cheapness
for VALUE

WHEN YOU BUY an unknown product, for a few cents less, what are you saving? Nothing. Perhaps the clerk doesn't mislead you intentionally. He may really think that something "just as good" is all right. But very often he is thinking of the extra profit it brings.

Insist on the Nationally known product—the product that has always given you the best results. Then you are sure of getting exactly what you pay for. You'll find this is the only way to real economy in the long run.

HOT and AIRY

Mercury brings you all the
your favorite artists; what
what's happening to them
microphones. Follow Mercury

Eddie Peabody, the light-
ning-like banjo player who
is heard over the NBC
chain, plays a dozen other
string instruments as well



It's true
of Leon
Gersul
to the
Jel
se
bec
Nor
Jalm
make

TIN PAN ALLEY can't resist that impulse to inject naughty insinuations into its ballads. And the Hollywood songsmiths, if anything, are even more dextrous in devising dirty ditties. Between them they are taking many liberties with the lyrics and producing numbers altogether too hot for the kilocycles. Result is, the song censors are again functioning in the air castles.

Really, the radio rajahs are being hard pressed to preserve their vaunted 99 and 47/100 percentage of purity. Heretofore their stars have been immune—or lucky—and they have been untainted by the breath of scandal. Now their records—and such records!—of bed time stories are being played in the divorce courts, and the front pages of the newspapers are ablaze with their didoes. And whisperers are circulating spicy yarns of great goings-on between sponsors and songbirds, the same presaging no good to the industry.

To further confound the microphone moguls, Actors Equity charges graft, favoritism and a surprisingly low standard of wages and working conditions with the smaller fry of radio actors. Famous band leaders are represented as refusing to play numbers unless song publishers cross their palms with silver, gold no longer being legal; directors and minor officials are reported compelling the better paid performers and musicians to "kick-back" part of their salaries; and numerous other rackets are played in the studios—according to common gossip.

All these things are causing executives of the National Broadcasting Company and Columbia sleepless nights. They don't like to think that Radio is going Hollywood but that conviction is being forced upon them. It would appear that Radio, now fourteen years old, is no longer in its infancy.

All is not joy in Alice Joy's home. She is suing her hubby for divorce in Chicago. He is Captain E. Robert Burns, an ace in the Canadian Air Corps during the World War. . . . Buddy Rogers is all upset because people persist in engaging him to Mary Pickford. "I'm engaged to no girl and never will be", says Buddy. "I'm always going to be a bachelor." Always is an awful long time. . . . Will Osborne's new radio contract becomes null if he marries. . . . At the time of the raid on New York City's Welfare Island prison with the exposure of conditions among a certain

The Hunt for T A L E N T

IF there is any one field or profession where the odds, judged by past record, and the conditions, considering present circumstances, are against the unknown seeking success, it is in the radio broadcasting field.

So many hopefuls with nothing but their own belief in their talents and the praises of relatives or friends in the home town to bolster their courage write to this magazine asking "How can I become a radio star?" The answer is almost "via the route to Mars." Tenors who croon in their own parlors, pretty little blondes who think they can imitate Ruth Etting all seem to believe that they only need an audition to become one of the radio famous. Thousands of them have bombarded the broadcast studios in the past year, so many thousands of them are granted what they believe is the privilege of an audition before some important executive, and then immediately forgotten by everybody but themselves, that the whole routine of present-day auditioning is a tragedy. The breach between an audition and a sponsored program is wider than the gap between a visit to a third-rate theatrical agent who wants a deposit in advance and stellar billing in an M-G-M super-special film production.

Occasionally some unheralded newcomer does get a break on a program and jumps right into popularity with an unusual appeal, but these events are so rare that they are epochal. Unless some radio celebrity is personally interested in the stranger at the microphone or some executive is determined to give the unknown every opportunity, the unheralded applicant for broadcast recognition has as much chance of getting it as you or I have of swimming the Atlantic. The prevalent prejudice against talent not yet established in any definite field of entertainment is too big a handicap for any but an applicant whose first hearing actually proves the promise of sensational and immediate success.

Out of more than 20,000 men, women, precocious children and barking dogs who were auditioned by one of the big chains last year, two eventually reached radio prominence. Now what chance has Mary Smith from Gainesville or Tom Jones from Scranton in the face of those statistics?

Even the well-known artists from the theater and the movies and the concert stage have gone through long processes of many auditions and then never had anything result from the heart-breaking negotiations.

The fault is partly that of the broadcast people who have no faith in embryonic talent and really do not give obscure applicants a fair chance. Then, too, there is the ridiculous presumption of the mediocre performers who aspire beyond their own possibilities.

It may sound harsh and hard to discourage ambition which will take some hopeful man or woman to a studio day after day, trying out his stuff before those who are only mildly attentive at best, but it's really kindness to give warning against the almost overwhelming handicaps which are existing at present.

Though I know that in spite of the failures, regardless of all the thousands and thousands of experiences that preceded failure this year will probably see the same long lines in pathetic parade to the audition rooms. For each one thinks his own case is different.

Julia Shawell



RADIO MIRROR

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s p e c i a l

NEXT MONTH



A voice in the wilderness has gone out on airwaves to reach crowded centers and remote places with a message so sincere it cannot be ignored. In a few years, from a station in Detroit, Father Coughlin has become "The Shepherd of the Air" and his words have been a pertinent message to all types and all creeds whether he talks on politics, economics or religion. This amazing man, who has so strongly become an outstanding figure in radio, has a thrilling story aside from his association and mission. Next month RADIO MIRROR brings you the inside story and the informal pen portrait of Father Coughlin and promises you one of the most humanly interesting stories your broadcast magazine has ever run.



Life isn't all "duddy" for the funny-mouthed Joe Penner. Read in the June RADIO MIRROR what fate and facts did to the amazing Mr. Penner to develop his propensity for national laughter in an exciting, entertaining story by Mike Porter, who has brought so many interesting air personalities to these pages.

Psychologists say there's a life story behind every voice; that happiness can be detected in one's voice. If that is so, there's a logical reason for the dulcet tones that make Julia Sanderson's broadcast a happy weekly event on a national hookup. Ada Patterson, who knew Miss Sanderson when, and has followed her varied career in many fields, will tell you the reason for Julia Sanderson's mellow voice and tinkling laughter as it reaches your receivers.



Fat or thin, jazz-minded or delving into concert arrangements, Paul Whiteman is always himself, and by that we mean a celebrity who has reached the top and always remains himself. An intimate friend and an exacting critic of his, Herb Cruikshank, one of your favorite RADIO MIRROR writers, will tell you all about Paul, his career and his personal life in next month's issue.

Kate Smith continues the interesting story of her own life and success; we have a story about Tamara you have never heard before and which we promise will be a pleasant surprise. Then there's the glamorous story behind Enric Madriguera's Park Avenue arrival.



Besides, dozens of other features which we promise will make the June issue of RADIO MIRROR the outstanding number in its young and progressive existence; fashions with Ruth Etting; Homemaking features that will send you right into your kitchens; intimate photographs better than ever before; news and gossip that will take you into the studios and into the homes of your favorites; but wait until you read it and we know you will like it.

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DARLING OLD COUPLE
ACROSS THE COURT.
I USED TO THINK JOHN
AND I WOULD GROW
OLD THAT WAY —
TOGETHER. INSTEAD
HERE I AM ALONE
... UNWANTED, GETTING
MY GRAY HAIRS OVER
A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



LATER — *a friend drops in — helps
solve the puzzle —*

THEN CONNIE, FIVE DOWN
MUST BE "B.O." — "ODOR OF
LONELINESS." HOW SILLY!
IF PEOPLE ARE LONELY
BECAUSE THEY HAVE "B.O."
WHY THEN I'M THE WORLD'S
WORST OFFENDER

OH...ER...I SUPPOSE
EVERYBODY SHOULD
PLAY SAFE. I'M CRAZY
ABOUT LIFEBOUY, MYSELF



NEXT DAY

I TOOK CONNIE'S
ADVICE — CHANGED
TO LIFEBOUY. IF BY
ANY CHANCE "B.O."
WERE THE REASON
JOHN CHANGED—I'M
SURE I COULD WIN
HIM BACK NOW



"B.O." GONE —
her bachelor days over!

JOHN, DARLING, I'M
GOING TO TRY SO
HARD TO MAKE
YOU HAPPY

DON'T HAVE TO
TRY, HONEY. JUST
STAY AS YOU
ARE NOW



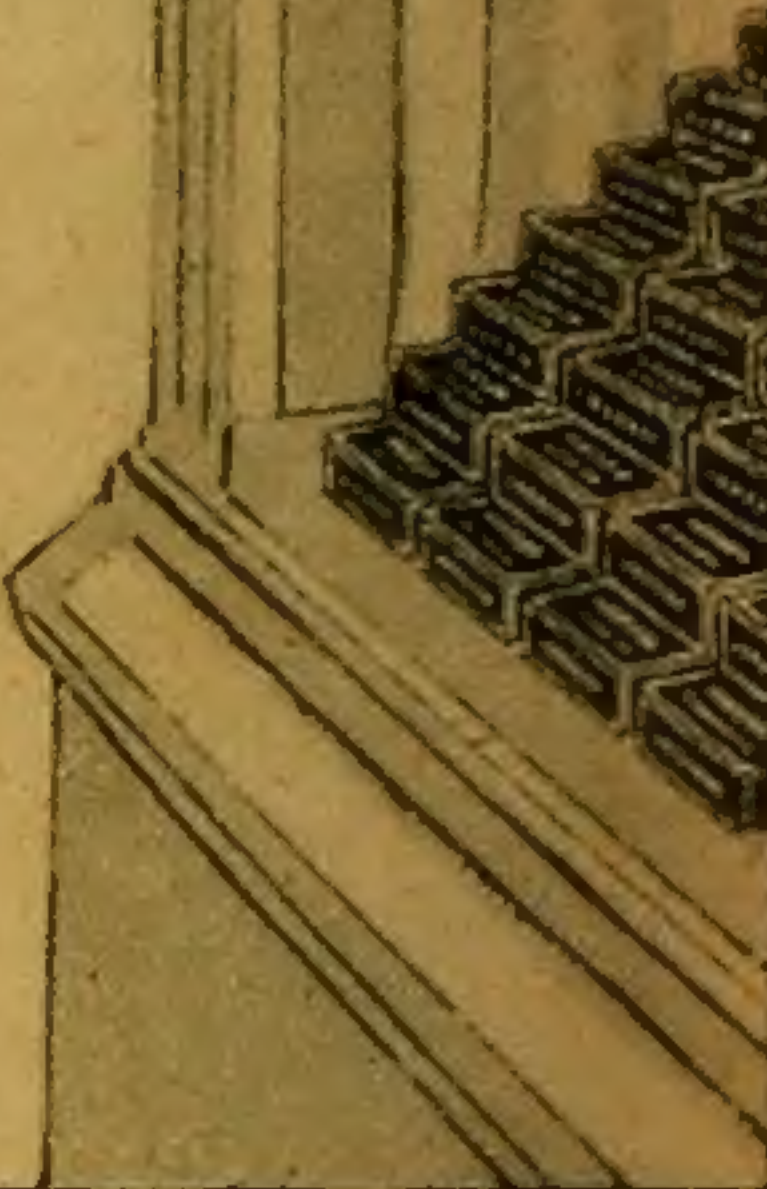
YOU WONDER HOW I KEEP MY
COMPLEXION SO LOVELY —
THERE'S THE ANSWER!

SO SAY thousands upon thousands
of women. Lifebuoy keeps their
complexions clear and fresh—let it do
the same for yours. Its gentle, searching
lather penetrates pores—coaxes out
clogged wastes—adds soft, youthful
radiance to dull skin.

The richest lather ever

Lifebuoy gives *handfuls* of creamy
lather whether the water is hard or
soft, hot or cold. Wonderful for your
bath! Its quickly-vanishing, hygienic
scent tells you Lifebuoy gives *extra*
protection. Its deep-cleansing lather
purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops
"B.O." (body odor).

LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP



SHE HATED WASHDAY UNTIL ...



MARRIED A MONTH
AND CRYING!
COME, ROSALIND
—TELL ME WHAT'S
WRONG?

OH! I HATE
WASHDAY
SO!



I WORK LIKE A
SLAVE SCRUBBING
AND BOILING —
STILL THE CLOTHES
NEVER LOOK
REALLY WHITE

SILLY CHILD! CHANGE
TO RINSO — IT SOAKS
OUT DIRT. CLOTHES
COME 4 OR 5 SHADES
WHITER WITHOUT
SCRUBBING

NEXT MONDAY EVENING

I'M SO HAPPY, JIM! I'M USING
RINSO NOW — FOR THE WASH,
FOR THE DISHES AND ALL
CLEANING.
IT SAVES SO
MUCH WORK



IT SAVES YOUR
HANDS, TOO,
ROSALIND
—THEY'RE
LOVELY!

DO YOU BLAME ME FOR BEING
PROUD OF MY WIFE?



NO WONDER he's proud of her! She
doesn't scrub clothes threadbare—she
soaks them 4 or 5 shades whiter in Rinso suds.
Clothes last 2 or 3 times longer!

Makers of 40 famous washers recommend
Rinso. Safe for colors—easy on hands. A
little gives a lot of rich, lasting suds *even in
hardest water*. Wonderful for dishes and all
cleaning. Tested and approved by Good
Housekeeping Institute. Get Rinso today.



latest gossip and news about
they're doing on the air and
when they're not facing the
and know everything!

for the New York *Evening Journal*. Sobol found her strumming a guitar and singing sad Russian songs in an obscure East Side cafe. His extolling of her talents brought her to Broadway and Radio Row.

Speaking of Tamara and "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes", did you hear about the maestro who lost his job with a cigarette sponsor because he insisted upon using that number as a theme song? It wasn't the tune that the ciggie concern objected to, of course, but the words. The origin of the melody of this song, by the way,

has been traced by Harry Horlick, the A. & P. Gypsy Chief, 'way back into antiquity. Horlick found that it was similar in theme to a Russian folk song which in turn was inspired by Mendelsohn's "Spring Song". And that is supposed to have been founded on "Traumerie"—but why go back any further?

Some gag writers are as temperamental as some comedians. David Freeman, collaborator with Eddie Cantor, hires a press agent to see that his good deeds are not ignored by the public press. Result is he gets full credit for Cantor's comicalities, thereby upsetting the equilibrium of Wolfe Gilbert, a co-worker in the vineyard of fun who buys advertising space in a theatrical weekly to print an affectionate
(Continued on page 62)



Ethel Merman goes over a west coast broadcast with Raymond Paige, maestro of programs out of Hollywood


by **MERCURY**

type of male convicts, Musical Director Peter Van Steeden suggested that the name be changed to Welfairy Island. . . . Lottie Briscoe, a movie queen 'way back in 1910, frequently appears in NBC dramatic sketches. . . . You may not believe it but it's the gospel truth that one of the actresses in Fred Allen's Revue is a lady named Minerva Pious. . . . Columbia announcers in a secret poll voted Edith Murray their favorite girl singer. . . . Joey Nash, vocalist with Richard Himber's orchestra, took exception to the statement of a certain tenor that he could hold a note a full minute. "Why, I've held his personal note for more than two years," he cracked. . . . Tamara, the beautiful heroine of "Roberta" and the girl who made "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" famous in that show and on the air, is a discovery of Louis Sobol, Broadway columnist



ROOSEVELT *believes* RADIO *fostered*

Behind the scenes in the
White House when the
country's outstanding
radio figure takes the air

★ ★ ★ ★  THE owner of the most famous voice in America has merely let nature take its course: he has neither cosseted the remarkable vocal organ with throat lozenges nor wearied it with diction exercises.

This I learned on excellent authority the other day in Washington where I had gone on assignment from RADIO MIRROR's editor to discover firsthand what the champion broadcaster of this country thinks of broadcasting. I was not, however, neglecting my duty when I paused to pick up the bit about the famous radio voice for champion broadcaster and owner of the most talked-of voice are one and the same illustrious person—no other than the President of the United States.

Here for once is a title that nobody seems inclined to dispute. Ever since March 4, 1933, radio officials have been bragging about Franklin D. Roosevelt's wonderful air personality and fans have been writing ecstatic letters about it. Recently at one of the stations, I even heard a hard-boiled engineer compare the President's air performances to those of other First Gentlemen to the former's great advantage and end by characterizing him with slangy but earnest enthusiasm as "a sweetheart" on the ether waves.

With all the broadcasting world extolling him, it is pleasant to report that President Roosevelt thinks just as highly of radio as radio does of him.

I discovered that he definitely attributes a great deal of the success of his reconstruction program to the facilities the great chains have put into his hands that enable him to reach all the people of the country simultaneously when he has a message for them.

That is not to say that radio gets all the credit. Everybody around him knows how the President feels about the loyal cooperation he has had from the newspapers and newspaper boys who keep the people completely informed of all that goes on in their national capital.

But broadcasting performs a peculiarly important service by carrying the President's own voice with all its warmth, sincerity and charm to the homes of his auditors when they sit relaxed at the end of the day ready to listen and respond to the friendliness and optimism that come to them out of the air from the White House.

With characteristic modesty our chief executive maintains that his radio contacts are responsible for the fact that he gets each day at least ten times as many letters as any of his predecessors ever did. Sure enough, many of

the letters of suggestion and comment are direct responses to the President's microphone efforts to make every citizen feel himself a partner in the new ventures.

From his first broadcast President Roosevelt has been perfectly at home on the air. He never, for instance, has known the meaning of mike fright, and looked mildly surprised when he was told that heaps of stage and screen performers, entirely self-possessed on their native heaths, yet suffer acutely from a species of buck ague when they face the disc which makes the world their stage.

Also, Mr. Roosevelt takes not the slightest credit to himself that his is what engineers and executives call the ideal radio voice. As I said in the beginning, he has no rules for broadcasting, goes through no complicated regimen of preparation. So far as he is concerned, a radio voice is just one of those things you have or haven't, like blue eyes or brown.

The people of New York State first discovered the Roosevelt radio voice four years ago when as governor, Mr. Roosevelt began to broadcast. Keeping in touch with his constituency by air became a habit with him until now he reaches probably the largest audience of any broadcaster in the world.

Never did a voice in public life create so much discussion—partly of course because, until radio, voices were not so important politically, but mostly because the voice really is extraordinary. The control room personnel beam as they listen to it, and even such a conservative group as the National Association of Teachers of Speech not long ago hailed the President as using the best American English spoken in this country. The speech teachers called his choice of words "lively, varied, excellently pronounced and enunciated."

The point is, of course, that unlike the average possessor of a Harvard accent, President Roosevelt uses simple language and speaks without making the listener conscious of his pronunciation. He is, in short, an American citizen who speaks English and it is too bad that this being so, he should be so unique.

It interested me to hear that there is another excellent radio voice in the Roosevelt family—that of James, the President's eldest son. Indeed, when James goes on the air he sounds so much like his father that even members of the family can scarcely tell the difference.

Perhaps you think when the (Continued on page 47)

by MARY MARGARET McBRIDE

NATION'S *Faith*



I SPEAK FOR MYSELF

by

KATE SMITH

VARIOUS interviewers have asked me, "Do you ever fall in love, Kate?" or "Do you wish you led a quiet family life?"

Now I'm speaking for myself, and I'm going to cover questions which have never been asked, and answer some questions to which I have never had the time to fully reply.

Does anybody know that I was underweight when I was born? Yes, I was absolutely scrawny as a baby and as a young child, brown-eyed and tow-headed. Now look at me! My silhouette has completely changed and my hair has darkened to a light brown in my twenty-four years on the good earth. All of which goes to show that parents can't afford to draw hasty conclusions about the future appearance of their youngsters.

I was born twenty-four years ago in what was then a little village across the Potomac River from Washington—Greenville, Virginia. The two places are not far apart, but my mother wanted me to be born beyond the Mason and Dixon line.

My mother, Charlotte Smith, loved the green country of Virginia, but as my father was in the newspaper business in the Capital, they bought a comfortable frame house on B Street, where I grew up. In those days, Washington was not as citified as it is now. We had a large back yard with a pear tree in it, and a front lawn well worn in some spots by one o' cat games, and croquet.

In a way, I was a problem child, because I never spoke in more than monosyllables until I was four. When it was time that most babies begin to replace words and sentences for their babble, I stopped babbling and remained as silent as the Sphinx. I just *wouldn't* talk, and no amount of coaxing or suggestion did any good. My family were terribly worried about this reluctance to speak, because it seemed that I was a backward child.

Then suddenly one day—without any conspiracy on the



● Here's Kate as the tomboy of her Washington school days before she ever sang

part of the grown-ups—something happened which broke my apparent vow of silence! Mother used to play the organ at the church and I, who adored to listen to the vibrant music, always tagged along to choir rehearsal with her. This particular day, I was tremendously thrilled by the soprano voice of the woman who was rehearsing a solo for Sunday morning. In fact, I was so impressed, that I began to imitate her when I returned home. Mother heard me singing and mumbling what lyrics I could remember—and from that day on I chattered like a magpie and sang as incessantly as a canary.

As far back as I can remember, I had every kind of pet imaginable crowded in our back yard—chickens, dogs, cats, guinea pigs, rabbits, pigeons, turtles—in fact, everything but prehistoric monsters! I mothered every stray kitten and scrawny pup that appeared. Whenever my animals died, I held elaborate funeral services under the pear tree, with the neighborhood clan as mourners.

I think I spent at least half my childhood on the front steps of our Washington home. My gang all played "school" and "button, button, who's got the button" on those wooden steps. And I'd sit there to sew my doll clothes, knit my first sweater, and read about the Bobsy Twins' adventures.

Another favorite haunt of mine was that staunch old pear tree in the back yard. The boys in my clan helped me build a plank platform in a crotch of the tree, and I used to climb up there on a stepladder, dragging up a small wicker chair. It was my way of "getting away from it all", and I used to sit up there to meditate if I had had a scolding from Mother, or a quarrel with one of my chums. However, I couldn't drag Billy, my grand old bulldog, up there with me, and he would destroy the peacefulness of my meditation by barking at me from below, and anxiously

Her time is spent making other people happy, but what does life do for Kate Smith? Here for the first time she tells all—her past and her future plans

pawing the tree-trunk. One day, I fell off the platform, but no bones were broken—although my mother, who heard my yells, told me that ten years were scared off her life! However, I was quite a tomboy, and she soon got used to having me come home scratched and bumped.

Christmas was the most important day in the year to me as a kid. I utterly believed in Santa Claus until I was nine. Every year I wrote a letter to him, describing exactly what I wanted him to tote down the chimney for me. I put it on the top of the stove, and believed that the message would go up in smoke and reach him like radio in the magic place where he lived. I hardly slept a wink the night before Christmas! I stayed awake listening for jingling bells up above the roof, and my imagination was so strong that I often thought I heard them.

My mother and father never disillusioned me—but one of the older boys in the neighborhood finally broke the terrible news to me that there was no such person as Santa Claus. I went to Grandfather to make sure this was true, and he confessed that he trimmed the tree!

Mother and father let me have full rein as a kid. They weren't the kind of parents to restrain me. They didn't often administer spankings—and their method was to make me feel ashamed if I had misbehaved—(an unworthy member of the Smith household!)

The most infallible way of encouraging good behavior was to flatter me. If anybody said, "Katherine's such a good little girl. She always is a darling"—then I'd sit up and smile just like a cherub. I *did* hate to be imperi-

ously ordered around by any grown-up relatives; and I'd obey rather ungraciously.

I think the worst thing I ever did as a kid was to go around the house with a pair of scissors and one of my father's straight razors, scraping off strips of wallpaper, snipping off tassels, pieces of bureau scarves, and the fringe of rugs. The grand finale was cutting most of my own hair off! Whew! I can still see mother's face as she walked into the room and took a good astonished look at the debris! (That day Katherine Elizabeth Smith DID get spanked!)

I was a disconcerting combination of a tomboy and a regular little girl. I adored my dolls, and was always making them new dresses out of scraps from mother's sewing basket. But I liked nothing better than a good noisy game of cops 'n robbers with the gang (Continued on page 56)



● Kate Smith as she is today, the Songbird of the South, the happy harbinger of many pleasant hours to millions of her unknown audiences all over the world.

Is the **AMERICAN** becoming a **HOME-SPUN**

WELL, folks, all I know about Will Rogers is what I read in the papers—or hear on the radio.

The hearin' part generally comes in the evenin', and the readin' next mornin'. Like a while back I heard Will say that this here little doggie we've been singin' about is really a coyote instead of a cow. Next mornin' came an awful howl in the newspapers from the Amalgamated Crooning Cowboys' Association, or some sich. The boys were all het up over it. And more 'specially over this renegade's crack that a cowhand can't sing nohow.

Then another time I tuned in on Will he referred to

"nigger" spirituals instead of Negro spirituals, like we all do when we get South of Harlem, or North of it. And although Will was all full of compliments about Ethiopian harmonics, the papers were crammed with the rantings of claques and cliques that infest these prairies and spend money to register indignation, wrath and venom via Western Union.

I've noticed that if Will says something nice about the Democrats, the Republicans get a mad on right quick. Then, next time, like as not, it's the Democrats got their dander up and go around whisperin' that Will is just a Hoover in

homespun. But there's a whole passel o' folks, fifty-sixty million or so, who don't give a hoot-owl's howl about crooners, cowboys, Democrats, Republicans, cliques or claques. And it's these fellers who chuckle when Rogers chuckles, and snort when he snorts.

Yes, sir and ma'am, Will's got a followin', and while he ain't never been elected much 'ceptin' Mayor of Beverly Hills, he's generally right in the runnin' with a couple of votes for everything from President down—or up, according to who's nominated. He doesn't precisely hold a mandate from the people, but then, who does? Will has called himself by various titles at various times. Once he was "Unofficial Ambassador". Just figured that was what the country and the publishers needed, so appointed himself to the job. And did all right for all parties interested, especially Will, Mrs. Rogers and the three kids.

Another time Will was the "Home-spun Philosopher", a sort of feller such as hangs around the cracker-barrel and is pointed out to the city slickers as a "character". A Vice-President of the United States, with a phiz like a cactus plant, conferred a boon on Will by callin' him "Ol' Hoss Face", which was right up Rogers alley, and perfectly in keeping with the portrayal which puts him right along in the class with Joe Jefferson, James A. Hearne and other fine, old thespians who devoted their lives and talents to putting on a show for the Great American Public.

Things are seldom what they seem. And Will Rogers is one of 'em. His, in the last analysis, is not the "common touch". His is not the voice of the peepul. His comments, for one thing, are far too shrewd and penetrating. They are the remarks of a politician; of one who can discuss political trends with understanding, clarity and accuracy; of one familiar with the in-

Will Rogers packs a
political wallop
in his own
peculiar
style



Here's Will Rogers all dressed up in the kind of clothes he wears when he's just a private citizen

HICK CRUSADER?

terlocking directorate of politics, big-business and international alliances that form the actual government of the country. But for all the world like the zany who pushed his wheel-barrow upside down because if he turned it right side up they'd put bricks in it, Will snaps over his sharp observations with the blandness of the bumpkin.

Rogers manages to arouse the ire of the few, but he might easily antagonize the many by merely being as pompous in person as are his philosophies once reduced to essentials and put into language smacking less of alfalfa. In his present character the public may patronize him a little as a paid entertainer. He fixes it so the masses may feel a little superior, even when he drops in on princes and potentates, presumably with hayseed in his hair and a wad of gum in his jaw. But if Will sounded off with chest-thumping oratory, the newspaper and radio intelligentsia would get them a new boy.

Although Mr. Rogers as producer of his one man show has cast himself in the role of clodhopper, or Son of the Soil, as you prefer, the record shows differently. If Will wasn't born quite literally with a silver spoon in his mouth, he was born with money in the bank. And they had gold in banks in those days, too. For although he made his debut in a one street, if scarcely a one-horse town, Pa Rogers was—guess what?—the President of the bank!

Nor was Will any doggie turned loose in the prairie to just grow-up. For the time and place he got a better start than most—school at Neosho, Missouri, and later the Kemper Military Academy at Booneville. Not Harvard and West Point, perhaps, but pretty good for the Indian Territory forty years ago. And while you might imagine that the Rogers peregrinations from the home fences was a matter of the Saturday night ride to town, he is one of the most widely travelled men in modern life. He has a record now as probably the world's champion aerial passenger. He's flown further than a drummer rides on smokers. And he began that wandering way back yonder when Oklahoma was given over to Osage, Crow, Chicasha and Caw blanket braves as the last spot on the Continent to be of any value to the noble White Man. That was before they found oil. But that's another story.

I don't know just where Will's much-vaunted Claremore comes into the story, for according to the vital statistics, a dot called Oolahgah was his birthplace. Maybe they changed the name. But they hadn't on November 4, 1879, and that was the day when the Bank President bought cigars to celebrate the advent of a son christened William.



And this is the lariat-swinging philosopher in the garb best known to his public.

Will filled in some time as a ranch hand. That was a cattle country then, and the babies used to rope their bottles, play with lariats and ride Daddy's knee with bell-spurs. Naturally, Will learned to ride and rope and use a branding iron. It was as well understood that he should be a cow-man as it is for a Yale alumnus to sell bonds. At that, though, Mrs. Rogers wanted her boy to be a Methodist preacher. If he had, he'd have out-Billied Sunday.

But at an early age Will wanted to get away from it all. The confining atmosphere of Oolahgah stifled him, so he and a youthful pal headed for the Argentine, and as the "Caricola" was unknown then, the boys must be credited with a typical American kid desire to play Indian, or as Indians smelled most unromantic, to play gaucho. So for a while they roamed the Pampas.

Stranded in Buenos Aires, the young adventurer manured mules on a transport (Continued on page 49)

by HERB CRUIKSHANK



When Lopez directs, the result is smooth music perfectly played.

WHEN

"Lopez speaking" was the first salutation from an orchestra leader ever heard on the airwaves and the good-looking baton wielder and his band are still going strong

VINCENT LOPEZ' parents wanted him to be a missionary. Lopez fancied the idea himself, but with a difference. His parents dreamed of him spreading the gospel in China. Lopez dreamed of spreading the musical gospel in America. Lopez dreamed true, but the realities of his dream were not always clear sailing.

"No career," philosophizes Lopez, "is without its bad breaks and its storms."

Particularly so with a man of Lopez' temperament. Born in Brooklyn, New York on December 30th, 1897 of Spanish and Portugese parents, Vincent Lopez inherited the dark, suave charm of his Latin traditions. He is emotional but appears to be unemotional. He is shy, yet appears to be aloof. He is friendly, yet seems to be high hat at times. This is easily explained. Lopez is near-sighted, but he wears glasses only when he reads. In a large room, people are only blurred images to him.

His hair is black and combed to a lacquered shine. His face is round and full. He has liquid brown eyes and long heavy lashes that droop sleepily. Beneath them, however, his eyes are not sleepy. When he is playing the piano or directing his band, his eyes frequently seem to be closed. They aren't. He has merely permitted his lashes to droop lower than usual. He is always immaculate. Though clothes may not make the man, Lopez believes they play a significant part.

Women are fascinated by him—that is, many women are. But five feet six inches tall and rather stockily built, his appearance is heightened by his charm of manner. Lopez

has a way with a woman. He might be in a crowded, festive cafe, but if he is with a woman she alone appears to exist for him. He is punctilious and solicitous about little things. A woman is usually enraptured by this trait in a man. Lopez knows hundreds of women, yet he never discusses his feminine friends.

"Some matters," Lopez explains with quiet finality, "are sacred."

He has been teased about his reticence in such affairs, but he merely smiles and keeps his own counsel. Indirectly, I have heard of a few women who at one time were so enamoured of Lopez that they threatened to commit suicide if each were not called the One Woman. Thus far, such threats have never been seriously executed, though one girl did take a plunge in the name of Lopez and unrequited love in New York's Central Park Lake several years ago. She suffered a cold as a result. Lopez has yet to choose the One Woman.

Lopez is a diplomat in affairs of the heart. He has no intention of appearing to favor one type woman over another. On the other hand, he doesn't object to confessing to being a sentimentalist. He saves old programs and he has trinkets that were either given him or that he purchased in every city he has ever visited. Among his prized souvenirs is an ivory baton given him by the Duke of Marlborough when he, Lopez, opened in a musical show in London back in 1925.

Nor does Lopez mind risking any humorous jibes when he admits that he used to carry a book around with him

b y D O R O T H Y H E R Z O G

Lopez

PLAYS

called, "Fear Nothing and Nothing Will Fear You."

"It's an excellent psychological book," Lopez contends. "Have you ever read it?"

I hadn't.

"It's worth reading," he advises.

"Did it help you to gain self confidence?" I asked.

He smiled. "Yes. It also helped to introduce myself to myself."

Lopez is a student of himself. He has taken the adage, "Know thyself," seriously, but he talks of himself only in rather general terms. He doesn't mind telling you that he has been deeply interested in Theosophy for years. Theosophy is an occult study. Religion—faith—belief in a Divine Power—is its motivation. To be a student of Theosophy one must be serious. Lopez is serious. He is reticent, however, of discussing subjects seriously. People grow weary of thought and opinion. Lopez permits himself expression only on matters he considers of interest to others.

He believes numerology — the science of numbers—is interesting to others. It is to him.

"I use numerology in my work," Lopez says. "I never engage a musician without first analyzing him by this science. Since I began this practise, I have always had perfect harmony in my orchestra."

Harmony is essential to Lopez. Discord irritates him, even frightens him, for from it frequently comes nothing but frustration, and Lopez, to create rhythm, to enjoy his work, to know others are enjoying it, must have all who are working with him in harmonious unison with him.

A musician in his band confided to me that "Lopez is fine as a man and as a musician." He also confided an amusing idiosyncrasy of the man. "Lopez," he said, "has one curious trick. He holds his baton in his right hand, but he really directs with his left hand! It's his left hand that we in the orchestra watch."

I asked Lopez how he fell into this trick.

"I don't know," he seemed puzzled himself. "I suppose I just wanted my left hand to be active

while my right was holding the baton! That's how it was."

"Are you ever sorry," I queried, "that you didn't follow your parents' wishes and become a missionary?"

He smiled. Lopez does smile, but he rarely laughs. "No, I'm not sorry. I think I would have been too self-conscious to have been a good missionary. Besides, music was the profession that attracted me." *(Continued on page 59)*

When Lopez touches those ivory keys, nobody wants brass.



The Girl behind the PERFECT

DOUBTLESS, most radio listeners are familiar with the system of field workers for organized surveys—the ladies and gents who canvass the public and ask them what they like best on the air. And if perchance, one of these earnest solicitors should ask you who owned the most beautiful, the most soulful voice in the radio realm, you'd begin to think of Rosa Ponselle, Lily Pons, Jessica Dragonette, Virginia Rea, etc., etc.

But the right answer would be—Elsie Hitz.

This isn't just my opinion. It's the expert decision of vocal and dramatic authorities, and to confirm it, we have the fact before us that Elsie Hitz is in unique demand whenever and wherever there bobs up a dramatic sketch in which they need a character with whom hero, villain and the public will instantly fall in love.

By some hocus pocus of the imagination, the voice of Elsie Hitz, whether she was playing in "Dangerous Paradise," "The Octopus of Paris," the Eno Crime sketches, or the memorable "Arabesque", literally tens of thousands of listeners, for no reason at all, have associated her murmurings, her intonation, and her inflection with those of a screen actress, whom she quite unconsciously personifies—Norma Shearer.

I happened to mention to Miss Hitz once that her voice reminded me always of La Shearer. I was blissfully ignorant that so many others had the same impression, and Miss Hitz nearly floored me by indicating piles of fan mail which insisted that she presented the same visualization to the writers.

Elsie, largely because of her vocal spirituality and command of dramatic modulation is, paradoxically, a very highly compensated; and yet, most thoroughly abused girl. I doubt if even Pearl White of the old Movie thriller days could approach Elsie in the matter of violent adventure. She has been thrown over cliffs, tied and gagged aboard yachts, imprisoned in burning buildings, sent to jail, captured by sheiks and aboriginal headhunters, thrown into Turkish harems, and cornered in several old and mouldy castles by no less a fiend than the Octopus of Paris, than whom there never was a more maniacal fellow. Naturally, all of these gentle and romantic criminals have abused Elsie because she has a nice voice. That is what got them. The voice, logically, presupposed, so far as the listener deprived of vision is concerned, implied beauty and youth, and sometimes, just the proper amount of sophistication to be tantalizing.

And, as a matter of fact, in this case, unlike the instances where you might possibly have been fooled by the cooing of a telephone girl, the voice was not, and is not deceptive, for Elsie is a good-looking person, chic and alert, slim and smooth-mannered, just as you would have supposed.

If, by any chance one of those survey workers should up

and ask me to name the veteran of all female dramatic stars of the air, I would select Elsie. She's been romancing on the kilocycles for well over seven years. She has been proposed to (in the script) exactly 1468 times, but has married the heroes only six times. I think she is due for her seventh radio nuptials pretty soon, or whenever the sponsors decide to climax the current series, on the NBC waves, of "Dangerous Paradise." If she does become a bride again, it will be as the wife of Nick Dawson, who once before wooed, won and wed her, but on a different network. That was in the glamorous days of early 1933, when the Magic Voice was holding forth.

It was during this series, which began as a telephone romance, that Elsie figured in a radio expedient that made history. It was a real case where the show just had to go on, whether the heroine was on her feet or not. The Magic Voice was the serialized romance of a naïve couple who fell in love with each others' voices over the phone, and delayed meeting each other for months just for the sake of blissful suspense. Try as they would to clown with each other, the lovers' hearts told them the truth, and so the usual complications developed. Toward the hectic climax, the script called for the sudden illness of the heroine, who must elude her lover by going to an isolated ward in a hospital.

At this point, a droll fate took up the drama. Elsie actually fell sick, and was really taken to a hospital, and by the same token, she was isolated, and the only way to keep the show on was to set up a mike at her bedside, and stage the drama there, with all the cast heavily saturated with disinfectants, for Elsie had some such foolish malady as the measles, or maybe it was the mumps.

She snapped out of this eventually, but capricious old fate pursued her. It was in the form of a jinx. She hadn't been at her home in Jackson Heights, Long Island two weeks before a little niece was "taken" with scarlet fever. She was Elsie's favorite niece, and so Elsie nursed her—and was "taken down" herself.

This trip, there was no fooling around. The doctor said no dramatic cast could break into the sick room for a broadcast. Not unless all were prepared to live out a two-week quarantine.

But maybe you've heard about that legend which radio has borrowed from the stage.

The show must go on.

And it did. WABC sent an engineer to Jackson Heights. He called in another engineer, and on the evening of the broadcast, Elsie was propped up in bed, with a mike in front of her. There was a panel at the foot of the bed with little lights in it. The engineers told Elsie that when she saw the red light glow, it was (Continued on page 50)

Elsie Hitz
has been the
voice of a hundred
heroines in some
of radio's big dramatic shows



CT

VOICE

● This is Elsie Hitz whose lovely speaking voice has no doubt often thrilled you

by MIKE PORTER

There's Only One for Me . . . By Bing

OF all the sayings, rules, axioms, and adages handed down from parent to child, I never forgot this one of my father's.

"Never try to move Heaven and earth for anything, Bing, or when you get it you will be sorry. The things that come naturally are the best, if you make the best of them."

That always seemed pretty reasonable. As a kid, it always worked out that when I turned everything and everybody up-side-down to get my own way, there was a fly in the ointment somewhere in my triumph. By nature, I am inclined to take things easy, so I didn't move Heaven and earth very often.

But there is, as they say, an exception to every rule. And the exception to my father's adage was Dixie Lee. She is the only person I have ever moved Heaven and earth for—and am I glad I took the trouble? Ask me!

The greatest influence and force in my life surrounded me the night that Johnny Hamp's orchestra opened at the

Last month Bing Crosby told of first romances; and now he love and what his marriage to



This is the beautiful Hollywood home that radio built and the little mike that does the trick; upper right.

Cocoanut Grove in Hollywood, February, 1929. I entered the Ambassador Hotel with the swag-gery demeanor of a stag out for a good time—as usual! I left those same portals smitten by a winsome blonde and wondering, in an agony of uncertainty, whether that same blonde considered me a worthy specimen. It was the first time in my life I had ever worried about a woman's judgment of me!

The winsome blonde was Dixie Lee.

Though I had seen, and admired, many photographs of the lady—then a rising Hollywood starlet—I hadn't guessed her power to throw an everlasting spell over me. But I had suspected she would be attractive, so when I heard that a friend of mine, Richard Keene, would be her escort to Johnny Hamp's opening at the Cocoanut Grove, I begged him, previous to the occasion, to introduce me.

Marriage Crosby

his boyhood flirtations, his reveals the details of his Dixie Lee has done for him



for the Bing Crosbys—left, the boy with the irresistible voice
Dixie Crosby's newest portrait in a pose that radiates happiness

When Richard assented, he didn't realize he was starting a romantic feud. For Dixie and I turned out to be sweethearts, with many obstacles thrown in our path to happiness.

Cocoanut Grove—where the film stars throng to dance, to see and be seen in their masquerade of glory, was throbbing with romantic music the night we met. There were soft lights, the tinkle of glasses, and laughter. The people therein all had a tinsel-like quality, with their synthetic beauty and their synthetic conversation. It was hard to imagine that anything real could have happened to anyone there.

I ambled into that familiar room, crowded with bland Hollywood faces, and looked around for Richard and Dixie. I located them at a table near the dance floor, and even before Richard presented me, I noticed her twinkling hazel eyes, her turned up nose, and halo of blonde hair.

Of course, in such an atmosphere of hustle-and-bustle with interruptions of dancing, greetings from friends, etc.,

I couldn't "get to know her", as the saying goes. We said trivial things—so trivial, in fact, that I can't even remember them. However, it was obvious that the little Lee girl had an A-1 sense of humor, and was as pert and arresting as they come.

She gave no evidence that she was particularly dazzled by me. I heard later that someone had tipped her off that I was kind of stuck on myself, and, being a contrary Mary, she didn't want to encourage me. However, I managed to snag her telephone number before I went home exulting—and feeling faintly apologetic that I had horned in on Richard!

I called day after day until Dixie broke down and gave me a date. By that time, I had learned why it was practically suicide for her to be seen around with me. We met at the house of a mutual friend, Sue Carol, and discussed our difficulties.

Dixie had a Fox contract which was about to expire, but which would be renewed if she were a good girl, heeded advice and worked hard. The studio had great plans for building her into stardom, but they feared that her reputation as a sweet, simple and girlish ingenue would be wrecked if she were seen around Hollywood with one of its better bon vivants as an escort! Dixie's parents objected for the same reason, so she was roundly forbidden to have anything to do with me.

That upturned nose of hers is a sign of independence, and Dixie did not intend to be shoved into a career above the dictates of her own heart. Besides, she was beginning to be disgusted by methods employed by the Hollywood moguls, and I was as good a reason as any to rebel against them.

Of course, I had some slight *(Continued on page 55)*

YOU ASK HER *Mother*

Mrs. Goldberg, the mike mother of radio's best-known family, really lives her air character and would go crazy if she had a vacation

Q. What is your real name?
A. Gertrude Berg.

Q. How old are you, or is it a secret?

A. 34—errr—make it 33.

Q. Where were you born?

A. I was born in New York City.

Q. What did you do before you went into radio?

A. I wrote most of the time.

Q. Which is your favorite character in your air family?

A. David.

Q. What was the most satisfactory incident in your broadcasts?

A. The great response to our sponsor's question as to whether or not the radio audience wanted the Goldbergs to continue on the air. The fact that so many wanted us to remain on the air was most gratifying to me.

Q. How long do you think you'll be Mrs. Goldberg on the air?

A. I hope until I'm a grandmother.

Q. Do most people confuse your air characterization with your own personality?

A. No.

Q. What is the most exciting fan letter you ever received?

A. One which impressed me the most was from a young man who said he listened religiously to "The Goldbergs" because it was as though his dead mother had come back to visit him every night.

Q. Does most of your audience take the situations of the Goldbergs seriously?

A. They sure do, as I can tell by our mail.

Q. How did you come to be Mrs. Goldberg?

A. I had been writing of Molly Goldberg's trials and tribulations long before I ever thought of radio.

Q. Have you ambitions for any other type of radio entertainment?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you (Continued on page 61)



★ Radio Mirror's Gallery of Stars ★



HARRIET HILLIARD

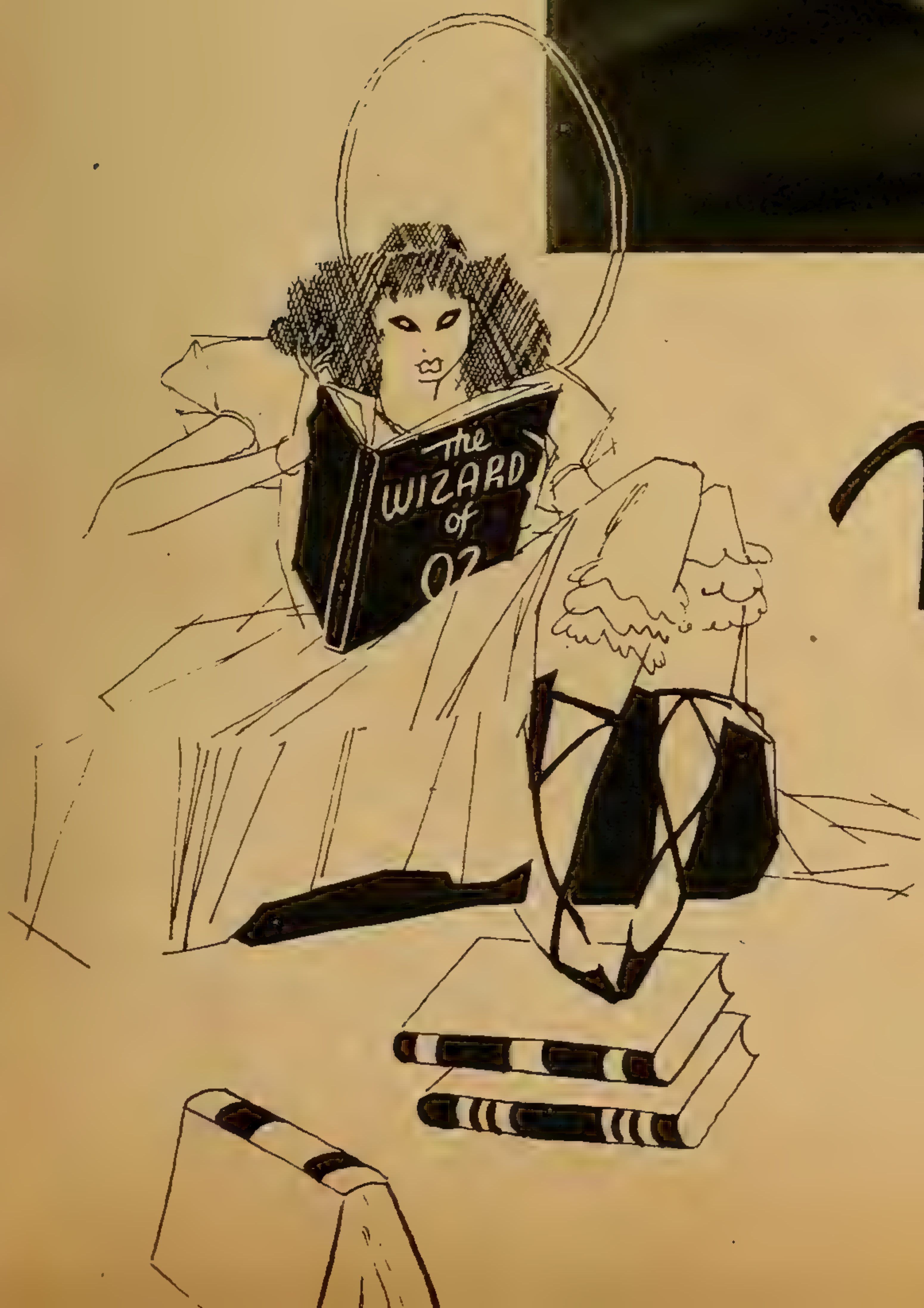
The girl who sings with Ozzie Nelson's orchestra not only has one of the most intriguing blue voices, but has one of the most ravishing figures among the radio stars as this portrait in negligée reveals



Ray Heatherton

This twenty-four-year-old singer, despite his youth, is one of the veteran broadcasters, having made his début as soloist with the Paulist Choir. He also played all of the principal vaudeville circuits, and is now heard regularly over the NBC chain





Nancy Kelly

Little Nancy, who is just twelve years old, is considered one of the most important of the juvenile broadcasters, and is heard regularly in dramatic presentations of the Wizard of Oz programs

There's only one
Gershwin, as the
whole country knows,
and George and his
music are a most
welcome feature of
the Feenamint pro-
gram heard on the
NBC airwaves

GEORGE GERSHWIN





DICK POWELL

Out of Hollywood—
Dick Powell, well-
known cinema star,
who is the delight of
female fans, lends
his voice in the in-
terests of Old Gold
Cigarettes over the
Columbia chain



Connie Boswell

Connie's been at it for a long time,
soloing and with her sisters. Now
this Southern Miss broadcasts on
the Camel Caravan programs



Priscilla Lane

Priscilla is one of the two beautiful Lane sisters who warble ditties weekly with Fred Waring's orchestra during the Ford programs

Lawrence Tibbett's SECRET

The curtains are drawn and we present Lawrence Tibbett, the amazing man behind the most glorious baritone voice

LAURENCE TIBBETT is perhaps the only singing personality who has registered a smashing click with Everybody, no matter how widely different Everybody's musical tastes may be.

At the same moment that hundreds of people are standing in line at the box-office of the glamorous Metropolitan Opera House, for admission to hear him in his "high brow" rôles of classic opera, thousands are still taking delight in the re-show of his films, and millions are listening to his ballads and songs over the air. These vastly different types of audiences all turn to him for something they want . . . and get it

How does he do it? They all want to know.

Obviously, Tibbett possesses perhaps the most glorious baritone voice of the age, and he knows how to use it. But a music expert's idea of "good singing" alone never yet made a popular idol. There are two reasons for Tibbett's appeal. One is a unique richness in the experience of living, which has made him a real human being. The other is, that he has never tried to be anything else! He's just himself.

No fads or mannerisms can hold him. He loathes "temperament". Tibbett is typically, enthusiastically American. He stands six feet two. He is lithe, muscular, athletic. He has keen blue eyes, and a mop of unruly brown hair, that has to be kept slicked down. His forehead is broad, his nose short, adventurous; and his jaw-line square! He has never sung in Europe. Clothes don't bother him. He likes "ranch duds". He likes an old slouch hat and a vintage sweater, and uses a razor ten years old. He tells you he is "just an average, mid-

dle-class American." At least that's what he tells you.

He comes of pioneer stock. His grandfather trekked West in a covered wagon. His father, the sheriff of Kern County, California (where Lawrence was born), was shot to death rounding up a gang of bandits. Lawrence spent his childhood on a ranch in the Tejon Mountains, where the cowboys took a liking to the long-legged, inquisitive kid, and took him with them when they rode the range. Before he was ten, he could straddle a cayuse, rope, brand, shoot coyotes, and cook over a camp-fire. Later, he went to school in an adobe hut in the woods. Until he was ready for High School, the dream of his life was to be a grand, big, broad-shouldered policeman.

The family moved to Los Angeles, the boy was taken for the first time to a theater, and then and there he was done for. Tibbett developed one of the worst cases of stage-struck-itis on record. He joined the Manual Arts High School Dramatic Club . . . under the direction of Maud Howell, who was later to be stage manager for George Arliss . . . he sat in the peanut-gallery of the local theatres, and recited everything he could lay his hands on. Ye-e-es, he could sing too, but shucks! music was sort of sissified for a man! He wanted to act.

His family wanted to send him to college. But the first summer he was out of High School, he joined Tyrone Power's touring Shakespearean stock company and learned literature that way. He lost his job, for whistling in his dressing room. One of the pet superstitions of the stage is that whistling in dressing-rooms jinxes the show. He spent agonized months looking for another opening. Nobody wanted him. At last he found a tiny place in a light opera troupe. Then the U. S. A. joined the war.

Though he was only nineteen, Tibbett volunteered immediately for service in the navy. He was sent aboard the S. S. Iris, as instructor in seamanship. All he knew about seamanship was how to tie knots. In his free time, he used to sit cross-legged on the deck and sing cowboy songs. Nearly every day the captain would call down the hatch:

"Hey, shut up that blasted roaring! Is that Tibbett again? Well, lay off the noise!"

by ROSE HEYLBUT



Tibbett looks at home in the jaunty uniform of a Devil Dog—but oh, how he thrills when he sings those Marine songs!

When he returned from service, and jobs were scarcer than ever, and the rent money lagged behind Tibbett turned to this singing of his as a career. Just because there was nothing else to do. He sang in "movie" houses, between the reels of the feature. Sometimes he earned as much as fifteen dollars a week!

And then he was bitten with the idea of going to New York. Because he had not a red cent in the world to pay his way, he borrowed on his life insurance. He believed he ought to have a chance, and he gambled with the future to get one. In New York, he was wise enough to seek out

Frank La Forge, perhaps the best known vocal coach in the country. La Forge looked him over and heard him sing.

Just what sort of work do you want to do?" he asked.

"Oh," said Tibbett modestly, "anything. Maybe I could get in a musical show?"

"How would you like the opera?" Tibbet just sat and stared at him For over a (Continued on page 46)

IT PAYS FRED ALLEN TO BE FUNNY

by R. H.
ROWAN



Fred Allen broadcasting with his wife,
Portland Hoffa and Irwin Delmore

IF you could happen along one of the streets of New York right now and should encounter a tall, serious-faced fellow, with bland blue eyes, a set mouth and a serious demeanor you might at first think him a country product in from the sticks to find out for himself if the blades of grass do sprout up along Madison avenue in the springtime to give you that certain April nostalgia.

That is, at first you might think him a homemade product from the rural spaces. But then if you got a good look at him, caught that crinkly twitch of flesh below his eyes, a sudden upward twist of lips as though he were having a laugh all by himself, you'd know you were facing a philosophical man. And if you'd happen to see a photograph of Fred Allen you'd realize after a hesitation that you were gazing at the famous comedian who came to the airwaves last year to repeat the sensational success he had on the stage.

Fred Allen, the trouper and Fred Allen, the private citizen are the same. There is so little of the actor and so seldom the attitude of posing about this fun-maker that it is difficult to differentiate between his leisure hours and his microphone moments.

The first thing that strikes you about him is his under-



standing kindness. Or perhaps that should come second for he is fundamentally the humorist who brings out the fun in an amusing situation rather than the brief laugh in a smart gag. He has unjustly been accused of being a sophisticated type of comedian and, rightfully, he resents that. The fact that he doesn't descend to lowbrow cracks, to obvious jokes; that he is an astute student of human nature, born to brighten life for people of more sombre mien and that there is a keen philosophy in all his funny business has caused an erroneous impression to get round about his work

THE popular air comedian was born with a gift for laughter and the necessity for making it buy him coffee and cakes. This is the real Allen behind all the comedy



Ready to say "Good-night," and Fred Allen hopes the millions liked this program. Did you?

for fifteen minutes and then go right into the ash-can when it might be repeated for months in a theatrical show."

In spite of his repetitious weekly successes, Allen approaches each new script with fear and doubt. Even after his broadcast he is uncertain of its reception and will humbly turn to a bystander with the anxious remark, "Do you think it was any good?" That isn't an act, either. He means it. Sometimes he's amazed when a chance comment of his, a typical Allen retort, will bring loud laughter in an informal conversation.

Not that it is such an effort for Allen to be funny. Humor flows with his most casual speeches, spontaneous and sparkling—not in a glib conceited fashion, but as a natural, unpremeditated utterance of the unique turn his thoughts are always taking. That doesn't mean his broadcasts are extemporaneous because, most of the time, he is so unaware of

how funny he is that he works as hard over his material as the comedian whose humor is his job and not his own personality. He will struggle along for a week over a program and then tear it up because he thinks it's dull—start over again and in a few hours turn out a script he thinks will be all right.

Allen was born to work and started in at it the earliest age when he could earn his livelihood. But he never knew until audiences started laughing at his lines how interesting and pleasant a job could be—and how lucrative as well.

He's a product of New England (Continued on page 54)



A typical moment when Allen gets into his stride and the listeners get hilarious

He gets his material from an analytical appreciation of the ordinary happenings but admits quite frankly he is an ardent reader of his own extensive—and expensive—library of old joke books.

Recent polls, localized and national, have proven the popularity of the Fred Allen broadcasts. The air comedian and his material are familiar to millions. He writes all his own stuff and every week turns out a skit that might be the bright spot in any Broadway hit. A famous producer, listening in to one of Fred's programs recently said, "It's a tragedy that this sparkling dialogue should go on the air



WHEN

mark

Life isn't all baton-wielding for Mark Warnow, the Columbia ork pilot who enjoys an hour of quiet reading in his own living room



When Mark gets hungry and there's nobody around he knows what to do about it—just goes out into the kitchen and gets busy



Warnow

GOES HOME

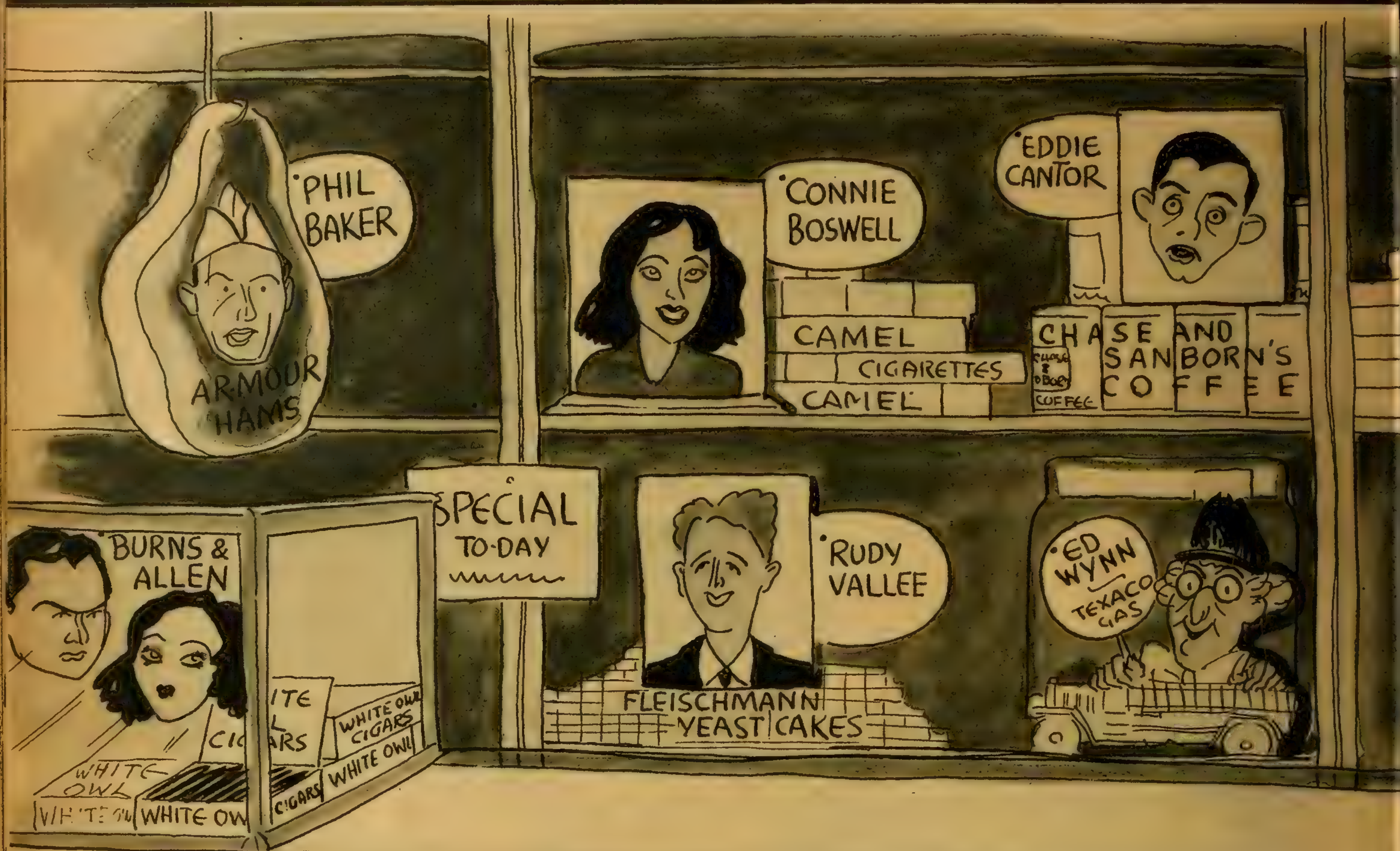


Here's Mr. Warnow the fond father with two of his youngsters, Morton and Elaine, whom he is helping out in a little checker argument



Arranging a brand new number for his band, Warnow dons a comfortable dressing gown and tries the piece over on his own piano

FROM FURS to



by
**NELLIE
REVELL**

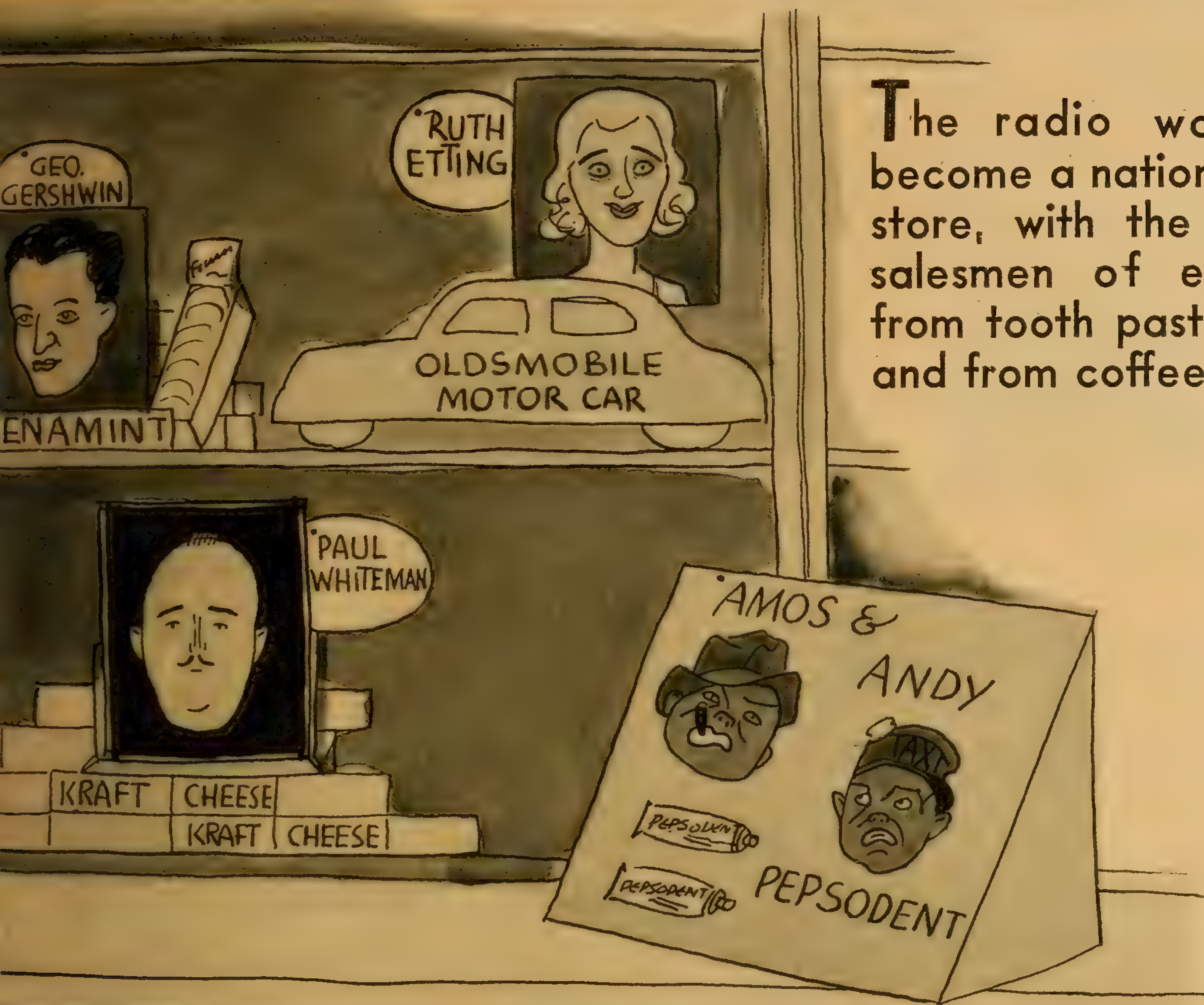
ON the air they sell everything from furs to fertilizer. A country store can't do any more.

And the similarity doesn't end there, either. Not by a jugful. Consider the loudspeaker as the merchant's shop window, the entertainers as the salesmen and the announcers as the bundle boys (and, for heaven's sake, Mr. Typesetter, don't make a "g" of that "d" in bundle, no matter what your personal convictions) and you begin to get the idea. The broadcasting stations themselves enter into this scheme of things as the middlemen, serving as the connecting link between the producer and the consumer.

Radio went into the general store business back in 1922. It began, of course, in a small way, the only article sold then being butter. At the time it was said that radio was embarking upon an undertaking for butter—or worse. And it turned out just that, if you are one of those who object to the advertising ballyhoo on the air. But though butter was the first commodity to sponsor an air program, it is probably the only product not now on the ether waves.

Starting with butter in 1922, radio gradually extended its stock until today it services its customers every article to be found in a country store—and then some. A critic recently complained that the only thing not advertised on the air was a burial plot. But that is because he hasn't listened in enough. There's a mid-western station which has been selling cemetery lots for some time.

FERTILIZER



The radio waves have become a national country store, with the artists as salesmen of everything from tooth paste to teeth and from coffee to motors

(And why shouldn't burial plots be sold on the air? Everything else is, from spirits to spiritual consolation. Undertakers, masquerading as morticians, have no hesitancy in exploiting coffins. So, if a cemetery has bigger, better and deeper graves to sell, it seems appropriate to this advertising age that it should say so—on the radio. It shouldn't be hard to put listeners in a receptive mood; just render "The Last Roundup" as a requiem and the customers will be dying to buy a lot in Greenwood.)

To get in the spirit of this story and to refresh my memories of a country general store, I went exploring one week-end in Northern New Jersey. My thought was that in a country store itself I was bound to find inspiration for a choice lot of similes; and these, if happily employed, should help to prove the editor's contention that radio is run strictly on country store lines. Thus would this article be bolstered and possibly justified.

Instead, I uncovered a condition so surprising that all idea of working out the analogy was abandoned. Presently, you will learn why.

First, I want it distinctly understood that locating an old-fashioned country store in the country is itself an achievement. They have given way in most villages to the chain store system, but in hamlets on back roads occasionally you can find a survivor. I had to penetrate to a remote section in the Sussex hills before stumbling upon this one. It is

situated at a crossroads and there aren't a half-dozen buildings, including barns and sheds, in the neighborhood. But it is an old-fashioned country store, all right. A weather-beaten sign with letters so faded as to be almost illegible proclaims that. It reads: "A. R. Shay, General Store and P. O."—the P. O. standing for postoffice, I discovered.

A farm woman entered the store a moment before my arrival and by that circumstance I was soon made very happy. For it was my good fortune, while awaiting the storekeeper's attention, to eavesdrop on the following conversation:

"Mornin', Mrs. Roe," greeted the proprietor, a man built on the generous lines of either—or both—of the Sisters of the Skillet.

"Mornin', Allan," returned the customer pleasantly, "and how's Mrs. Shay?"

"Tol'able, jest tol'able," he replied. The social amenities thus observed, he went on: "What kin I fetch you, Matilda?"

Matilda began to scan the well stocked shelves of the general store. Then she said:

"I'd like a pound of Eddie Cantor coffee."

"Reckon you mean Chase and Sanborn's, don't you, Matilda?"

"Land's sake!" exclaimed the lady. "Of course, that's what I meant. Dated coffee is (Continued on page 57)



This is Phil Regan, Columbia's tenor with the pearly teeth and sweet notes

son, songs; Edward Nell, Jr., baritone. WJZ and associated stations.
A pleasant variety show for you tuner-inners.

2:30 P. M. THE BIG HOLLYWOOD SHOW, with Abe Lyman's orchestra and "Accordiana". (Philips Dental Magnesia). WABC and associated stations.

Movie-land's favorite orchestra in peppy moments.

2:45 P. M. GEMS OF MELODY—Muriel Wilson, soprano; Fred Hufsmith, tenor; Harold Sanford's orchestra. (Carleton & Hovey Co.). WEA and associated stations.

A lovely soprano in good company.

3:00 P. M. LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King and his orchestra. (Lady Esther Cosmetics). WEA and associated stations.

Cold creams in waltz time.

4:15 P. M. THE WILDROOT INSTITUTE with Vee and Johnny. WEA and associated stations.

The well-known pianist going vocal.

5:00 P. M. "ROSES AND DRUMS". (Union Central Life Insurance Co.). WABC and associated stations.
Romance in crinoline.

5:00 P. M. BIG BEN DREAM DRAMA—(Western Clock Company). WEA and associated stations.

Radio receivers in pillow slips.

5:30 P. M. GRAND HOTEL—dramatic sketch with Anne Seymour (Campana Corporation). WJZ and associated stations.

A continuity of hotel corridors.

5:30 P. M. FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON. (Bond Bread). WABC and associated stations.

Sweet slices of the staff of life.

6:00 P. M. THE CADILLAC CONCERT—symphony orchestra; guest conductor. WJZ and associated stations.

Music notes in a sixteen-cylinder tempo.

6:30 P. M. "SMILING ED McCONNELL"—(Acme White Lead and Color Works). WABC and associated stations.

Laugh lines from an old timer.

6:45 P. M. WARD'S FAMILY THEATRE. Act I with Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield, James Melton, and Billy Artz' orchestra. (Ward Baking Company). WABC and associated stations.

Some old favorites from the footlights.

7:00 P. M. THE TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS—dramatization. (TRUE STORY MAGAZINE). WEA and associated stations.

The best of the air's high drama.

7:00 P. M. REAL SILK SHOW—Ted Weems and his orchestra; guest artists. (Real Silk Hosiery Mills). WJZ and associated stations.

Ted is good and everybody knows it.

7:00 P. M. THE AMERICAN REVUE with Chico and Groucho Marx and Freddie Martin's orchestra (American Oil Co.). WABC and associated stations.

Two of the Marxes cutting up capers.

7:30 P. M. BAKERS BROADCAST, featuring Joe Penner, comedian; Harriet Hilliard, vocalist, and Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra.

W E H A V E

● S U N D A Y

E A S T E R N S T A N



Stephen Fox is the man behind all those thrilling dramatic characters

WITH US —

WJZ and associated stations.

He gets better and better according to his fans.

7:30 P. M. **WARD'S FAMILY THEATRE**, Act 2—scenes from famous plays by Broadway stars (Ward Baking Co.). WABC and associated stations.

A good idea expertly executed.

8:00 P. M. **CHASE AND SANBORN HOUR**—Eddie Cantor and Rubinoff's Orchestra (Chase and Sanborn Coffee). WEA and associated stations.

When he's funny he's very funny and when he's serious he's a crusader.

8:00 P. M. **AN EVENING IN PARIS** (Bourjois Sales Corp.). WABC and associated stations.

You'll surely think of violets along the Bois.

8:30 P. M. **FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS** and guest stars (Ford Motor Car). WABC and associated stations.

One of broadcast's best bets in a smoothly paced show.

9:00 P. M. **MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND**—Tamara, Russian blues singer; David Percy; orchestra direction Gene Rodemich; Men About Town. (R. L. Watkins Co.) WEA and associated stations.

A brass ring with every ride.

9:00 P. M. **GULF HEADLINERS**—Geo. M. Cohan, guest artist; The Revelers Quartet; Emil Coleman and his orchestra. (Gulf Refining Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

The Yankee Doodle Dandy, and is he good!

9:30 P. M. **THE JERGENS PROGRAM**—Walter Winchell. WJZ and associated stations.

Through the world's biggest keyhole.

9:30 P. M. **AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC**—Frank Munn, tenor; Virginia Rea, soprano; Ohman and Arden; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; The Haenschen Concert Orchestra. (Bayer's Aspirin). WEA and associated stations.

The grand pair of singers who know their air stuff.

10:00 P. M. **"PATRI'S DRAMAS OF CHILDHOOD"** (Cream of Wheat Corp.). WABC and associated stations.

How to bring up children.

10:00 P. M. **CHEVROLET PROGRAM** with Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone; orchestra direction Frank Black; Frank Parker, tenor. WEA and associated stations.

Radio wouldn't be the same without this program.

10:30 P. M. **HALL OF FAME**—guest artist; orchestra direction Nat Shilkret. (Lehn & Fink Products Co.). WEA and associated stations.

People you know who know how to broadcast.

11:15 P. M. **LITTLE JACK LITTLE AND HIS ORCHESTRA**—WABC and associated stations.

The popular singer with brass support.



Mabel Todd who makes fun with Al Pearce's gang and her little dog Ezra

● M O N D A Y

10:00 A. M. **BREEN AND DE ROSE**—vocal and instrumental duo—daily except Saturday and Sunday—WEA and associated stations.

Old-timers and they're still good.

10:15 A. M. **BILL AND GINGER** (Mueller's Spaghetti). WABC and associated stations.

What might happen in your own home.

10:15 A. M. **CLARA, LU 'N' EM**—Louise Starkey, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King, gossip. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Colegate-Palmolive-Peet Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

The gossipers still talking about their neighbors.

10:45 A. M. **WILL OSBORNE AND HIS ORCHESTRA** with Pedro De Cordoba and his friendly philosophy. (Corn Products Refining Co.) Also Wednesday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.

Music and philosophy with a grain of salt.

5:00 P. M. **SKIPPY**—daily except Saturday and Sunday (Philips Dental Magnesia). WABC and associated stations.

Time to call the children in.

5:30 P. M. **THE SINGING LADY**—nursery jingles, songs and stories—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Kellogg Company). WJZ and associated stations.

How to keep the children quiet while you're getting their dinner ready.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday
programs continued on page 52



Rita Gould, the versatile personality lady heard on WOR Sunday nights

GARD'S CHOSEN PEOPLE



JESSICA
DRAGONETTE



LITTLE
JACK
LITTLE



TED
HUSING



JOE
PENNER



Cap'n Henry takes his time



● Charles Winninger, veteran stage star, finds new fame in radio as the beloved Cap'n Henry of Showboat—but he also finds time for leisure hours at home. Above we catch him in his favorite arm chair eagerly perusing a new book; left, playfully exercising with his dog on the living room rug; right, out in his own kitchen and we assure you the dinner that he cooks will be good



Glamorous Gowns for



Over a dull black crêpe evening gown with emerald green cord and tassels Miss Etting wears a black and green taffeta cape lined with green



Ruth Etting in a black and white printed ensemble trimmed with black fox, black gloves, bag and hat

Below, the radio star is ready for any sport event in a two-piece suit with plaid skirt and yellow top



CLOTHES they say make the woman, but in this case the girl makes the clothes too. Or at least Ruth Etting used to run up her own little wardrobe. But now that she's a famous star she hasn't the time for those little domestic pleasures but Ruth, whose voice goes out to you over the Columbia chain always looks stunning whether she's wearing a simple little beach costume or a gorgeous evening gown.

In the portraits on these pages you see the popular Miss Etting in new fashions which were created for her type by Bergdorf Goodman and they couldn't have found anyone who would wear them to better advantage.

The black dull crêpe evening gown has a high front, low back and an emerald green cord with tassels around the waist while over it she wears a black and green taffeta cape lined with emerald green taffeta.

The black and white printed crêpe ensemble for a festive afternoon has a three-quarter length, short-sleeved coat and luxurious black fox bands for trimming.

Miss Etting's afternoon suit in the right hand corner picture is of a light weight wool in beige with a large matching collar of

Gorgeous Ruth Etting



Here another view of Miss Etting's evening gown made of dull black crepe. The front is high but the back is very low and it fits to perfection



Below, in a leisure moment Miss Etting dons pajamas of brown and white dotted surah with white piping

This beige light wool suit with matching fox collar, above, is Miss Etting's garb for a fine spring afternoon

fox and a crêpe blouse of the same beige tint.

. Who doesn't love pajamas for those hours of lounging and this time Ruth chooses a tailored model of brown and white dotted surah with white piping on the coat and trousers.

. The radio star loves to walk, when she has the time, and is perfectly attired for a jaunt around the park in the two piece suit with skirt of brown, white and yellow plaid wool; a top of canary yellow jersey and scarf and belt of the same material as the skirt.

. Sports clothes for the late spring have taken on two distinctive classifications—the severe and almost mannish suits and loose fitting matching top coats for the country and the more feminine type adaptable for town wear. Either type suits the blonde radio star equally well.

. Evening clothes, in spite of all the talk about the wind-blown fashions have more flowing lines, with the fullness definitely placed either in the front or in the back of the skirt toward the hemline. High fronts are still good though the newer prints have low necked bodices and the sleeve treatment continues soft and flattering.





In the

Put in refrigerator and allow to jell enough to hold its shape. Then add the cup of celery. While this is becoming firm, mix the other package of lemon jello with another pint of warm water. Allow this to form its shape, and then add the thin slices of stuffed pimento olives. Then pour this mixture over the first layer of the jello. Lastly combine the lime jello with warm water, allow to cool as before, then add the small cubed carrots. When this is solid enough pour onto the two layers. Allow to freeze until ready to serve. Arrange beds of lettuce, slice salad into desired portions, and place at the side a mound of salad dressing, covered with finely chopped nut meats. This makes a very nice luncheon salad.

Vivien Ruth, the daytime songbird of CBS, suggests a real English treat, this Yorkshire Pudding to serve with roast of beef.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING

1½ cups milk
3 eggs

1½ cups flour
1 teaspoon salt

Mix salt and the flour, and add milk gradually to form a smooth paste. Beat the eggs lightly and add to the paste. On the bottom of the pan place some of the fat from the roast beef, then put in the mixture. Baste frequently when the pudding is well risen, baking for about twenty minutes. Cut in pieces and serve steaming hot with the roast.

Connie Gates,
the lone singer of
the air, likes her
own kitchen, too.

MAY is the month of flowers, gay colors, and hectic days of shopping, rushing to the summerhouse week-ends, and more than a little laxity in our every-day procedures.

Many of these dishes may be taken with you for the week-end, or be prepared Saturday morning and served when you return on Monday. The menus for this season are lighter, and require less preparation.

Mary Eastman gives a delightful Vegetable Ribbon Salad for your bridge or your luncheon. Chocolate Doughnuts for the Children to eat when they return from school, or to entertain their friends as made by Ma Perkins will be a great success.

Wayne King suggests the most luxurious of cocktails for your dinner party, a Crabmeat Cocktail. Al Jolson gives Ruby Keeler's own Deep Apple Pie recipe, and many new and appetizing dishes.

Mary Eastman, the very lovely Columbia singer, tells the secret of new and interesting jello salads. This Ribbon Vegetable Salad is very attractive and delicious to eat.

RIBBON VEGETABLE SALAD

2 packages lemon jello 1 cup sliced celery
1 package lime jello 1 cup thin sliced stuffed olives
1 can tomato juice 1 cup cubed carrots

For the first layer we will use one package of lemon jello, and to this add one pint of heated tomato juice.

Charlotte Harriman tells you how to make a very special pie for the strawberry season.

STRAWBERRY PIE

1 tablespoon Knox Gelatine ½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup cold water 1 cup strawberry juice and
4 eggs pulp

¾ cup sugar 1 tablespoon lemon juice
Soak the gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Slightly beat egg yolks and add ½ cup of the sugar, lemon juice and salt. Cook until a custard consistency over boiling water, add the gelatine, stirring well; then put in the strawberries. Beat the egg whites stiffly and add to this the other quarter cup of sugar, and when mixture is cool, fold in the egg whites. Have the pie crust baked to a golden brown and fill, allowing to chill thoroughly. Before serving this may be spread with whipped cream and attractively garnished with whole strawberries.

Virginia Rea, popular NBC entertainer, makes this inviting Tomato Stuffed with Pineapple Salad.

TOMATO STUFFED WITH PINEAPPLE SALAD

4 medium tomatoes Salt
8 tablespoons crushed pineapple 16 cheese straws
4 tablespoons French dressing 8 leaves of lettuce

Stars' Kitchens

Cut a slice from the stem of tomato and remove the center. Sprinkle lightly inside with salt. Turn upside down and chill in ice chest for at least a half an hour. Allow crushed pineapple to stand in French dressing until well seasoned. Arrange in center of lettuce bed and at side place the cheese straws.

Ma Perkins, one of your favorite comedy entertainers, makes these Chocolate Doughnuts that will delight the entire family.

CHOCOLATE DOUGHNUTS

1 egg	1 teaspoon vanilla
1 egg yolk	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ tbl. butter, melted	2 teaspoons baking powder
1 square melted chocolate	2 cups flour

Mix all the ingredients in the order given, sifting the flour and baking powder, and melting the chocolate. Mix well and roll on floured board and cut with cutter. Fry in hot fat, 365° to 375° F. Roll in powdered sugar.

The famous baton waver, Wayne King, tempts his friends with his own Crabmeat Cocktail. Try it sometime. It's very tasty and will whet the appetites of your guests for the main course of your big dinner.

CRABMEAT COCKTAIL

1 tin shredded crabmeat	1 tablespoon horseradish
$\frac{1}{3}$ cup tomato catsup	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice	1 tablespoon grated onion
1 tbl. Worcestershire Sauce	4 tablespoons minced celery

Use all except the crabmeat and mix thoroughly and chill. Mix the cold crabmeat at this point in the sauce and set on ice for about ten minutes before serving.

Whether you like Tony Wons' poetry or not you will like these Stuffed Baked Potatoes.

STUFFED BAKED POTATOES

6 large potatoes	Salt, pepper
3 tablespoons butter	2 tablespoons hot milk

Bake potatoes forty minutes in hot oven, or until when tried with a fork are soft. Remove from oven and cut lengthwise in halves. Take out the inside; mash, add butter, salt, pepper, and milk. Refill shells, sprinkle lightly with paprika and bake about six minutes in 450° F. oven.

You have heard Eddie Cantor tell the virtues and accomplishments of his wife and finally he has gotten her recipe for his favorite Baked Bananas. (Continued on page 64)

Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, the veteran songsmiths of radio's baby days, as we catch them in a culinary moment.



THROUGH THE Looking Glass

Springtime, with its fragrances, the sweet smell of earth, the fresh scent of new blossoms, brings thoughts of perfume and its uses to the well-groomed woman of today

OFTEN the women of our country do not realize the importance of perfume to their grooming; as they do the rouges, powders, lipsticks, and eye make-up.

The scent of your personality must be selected with the wisest of care and no other kind used. It is ridiculous to think of young girls wearing sensuous lipstick and eye shadow, although it is commonly found that many of them wear an odor far too sophisticated for their years.

There is no perfume we can say you must use constantly as it is entirely a matter of your mood, your personal liking, and the occasion. We now have odors for romance, outdoor activities, theatre visits, and at last that which is acceptable in the office.

The Greeks were the first to use perfumes with discretion. And there is no need to remind you of the beauty, charm, and successful adventures of the Grecian women.

Throughout history the Europeans have used perfumes far in advance of this continent, and many famous figures could be named who used their pet scent as a weapon on entering the most precarious of ventures.

It was not long ago that a woman in America never dared to use perfume; a little later it was considered proper for evening wear only, and now it has found its way into the daily usage with cosmetic appliances.

Men are especially susceptible to perfumes; and that is no idle thought but a fact every one must accept. An

odor of violet, or your own fragrance indelibly stamps your personality on a young man that he may never forget. One man told us that upon arriving home one night he felt excitement and a little recklessness in the air. There was not a single change in the apartment, and his wife was dressed as usual but the scent she was using conveyed to him her mood, and being a clever husband he acted accordingly.

The things you want most to do may really be brought to you in your selection of floral odors, and the impressions you want to give are all possible without a word having been uttered—this is what your perfume does to others. Of course you must be most careful in the amount applied, only the slightest touch of the scent is to be used. Never try to make your own perfumes unless you are very adept at this, as the results most of us attain are never those we desire.

Bourgeois, who brings to you The Evening In Paris program over the Columbia network do exactly as we have said. This perfume makes the women feel gay, and brings the pleasures of Paris to them. Another of the perfumes they make is Springtime In Paris, with the feeling of lightness, and joy of spring. The Barbara Gould perfumes are divided in an unusual way, according to the ages of those of the fair sex. Every year getting a more sophisticated scent.

The important factor in choosing your own type is to remember that perfume is essentially a part of YOU and if you are a demure and unassuming person the scent must be in accord.

A heavy perfume is most difficult to wear, and only the most sophisticated should do so. The most advisable choice for the theatre or any evening in a large group, where there won't be much space or air, is a light perfume, as any strong one is annoying to others.

Elizabeth Love, radio dramatic star chooses a rosebud whose fragrance goes with her type



RADIO

MIRROR

HOMEMAKING

Ernestine Schumann-Heink, heard frequently on the radio, epitomizes a great artist whose career never interfered with motherhood



Gifts for mother on the day set aside to honor all mothers are one thing, but Miss Covney has a new idea to make mother happy on this Mothers' Day



Our Mothers' Day Party

THE national holiday that means more to us individually than any other, is Mother's Day. On this occasion everyone is endeavoring to make it a happy time for his mother and yours. All radio programs will include poems, and songs in honor of Mother, but the thing that you do yourself will be most important at your gathering.

The flowers, jewelry, and candy are gifts that mothers get every year, but to have the dinner, planned, purchased, and prepared for her is something very different and especially pleasant. Invite all the married members of your family home for dinner, as this gathering of the entire group will please mother greatly. The kitchen territory is

yours for the morning, and the others must entertain mother in the front of the house while you get ready these delightful surprises. The others may clear the table, and do the dishes, but the joy your loved parent receives will be sufficient compensation for your effort.

If you wish you may substitute another vegetable if you know your mother's preference is for something else.

The appropriate flowers for the table for Mother's Day are either carnations, roses, or any other that your mother prefers. The two mentioned are very popular, and in demand at this time.

(Continued on page 60)

"OUR PUBLIC"

OUR PUBLIC FANS AND READERS ARE FULL OF IDEAS FOR THEIR RADIO MIRROR and they have very definite ideas about what they like and what they don't like in their radio programs.

So have we. Generally, as we gather from the thousands of letters that have come in, radio entertainment is a boon not only in the isolated districts but in the big cities as well.

We are glad to feel that broadcasting has meant so much to so many people. We are happy too that they seem to like RADIO MIRROR and we are blushing a little at the avalanche of praises.

What we would like, however, is some honest-to-goodness criticism and not so many bouquets because we are a little dubious that the magazine hasn't more faults in the eyes of the thousands and thousands who declared themselves permanent readers.

Many object to the advertising blurbs on the air and we don't blame them. Some don't like one comedian and others do. Some think there's too much jazz and others think there's not enough. But, as we have said before, you can't please everybody.

The radio executives and the editors of RADIO MIRROR are doing their best. Speaking for RADIO MIRROR, we will have some surprises for you very soon and we hope you like them. As for radio broadcasting, we can only hope that the listeners will continue to voice their opinions so that the air artists and their managers may be guided.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF RADIO BROADCASTING? DOES IT SATISFY YOU AND WHAT CHANGES DO YOU SUGGEST? And, what is equally important to us. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF YOUR RADIO MIRROR AND WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE THAT YOU DON'T GET NOW?

WRITE TO CRITICISM EDITOR, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY IN LETTERS OF NOT MORE THAN 150 WORDS. THE BEST LETTER WILL RECEIVE \$20.00, the SECOND BEST \$10.00 AND THE NEXT FIVE BEST LETTERS WILL RECEIVE \$1.00 EACH.

ALL LETTERS MUST REACH THE CRITICISM EDITOR NOT LATER THAN THE TWENTY-SECOND OF APRIL.

Here are this month's winning letters:

\$20.00 PRIZE

The radio studios are on the constant search for new ideas in broadcasting and program building. Why not one of the networks inaugurate an "Experimental Theater of the Air?" Here will be produced unusual plays, sketches, comedy programs, and anything of an experimental nature. It will be the "testing ground" for any idea never used before on the air, or for any program that the networks have thought good but have hesitated to bring before the public. Due to its "Experimental" nature, more laxity will be allowed in choosing material, and the listeners will become intensely interested in this program because of the fact that they are being "let in" on something new. The public reaction can be accurately judged before the particular type of program is adopted as a regular policy of the broadcasting studios.

In regard to your own magazine, your increase in circulation will attest to its popularity more than any words of praise from me. May I suggest the following for future issues of RADIO MIRROR:

"THE OTHER HALVES". An article on the wives or husbands of famous artists—not the ones who are famous themselves, but the ones you don't hear about. Give their

hobbies, ideas on radio, how they take care of their husbands, or feel about their wives being famous, and like facts.

"EAST IS EAST (And the Twain Has Met)". How radio and the movies have gradually "merged" together, each taking the best artists from the other.

"WOMEN AND JAZZ". Short biographical sketches, combined in one article, about the girls singing with famous orchestras, with a history of girls' advent into dance orchestra.

BEST FEATURES EACH MONTH OF THE INDEPENDENT STATIONS. Giving a short sketch and maybe a picture of artists who may soon "graduate to the networks".

THOMAS J. MACWILLIAMS,
Nashville, Tenn.

\$10.00 PRIZE

RADIO MIRROR is a delightful publication which has now become The Magazine of the Air. It is standard equipment, necessary to have on top of the radio to get at the bottom of affairs on the airways.

The main trouble with said airways is that they are cluttered up with the applause of the claquees watching certain so-called humorous stars perform on sponsored programs. Applause in studios is a bore to the listeners out along the ether waves. It is distracting and it gives the impression that it is not founded on merit. We out on the air have a decided feeling that the applause is regulated by signals, as the clamor is often deafening when there is little wit in what the performer has said. The applause not only annoys those out in the hinterland, but it also makes them feel that the program is not given for them, only for the audience within the studio.

All applause in studios should be eliminated.

TOM STIFLER,
Danville, Ill.

\$1.00 PRIZE

A good radio program instructs or entertains the alert listener; or it does both, and it never offends. My belief is that the majority of programs today can be classified *good* with perfect honesty.

Often it is the little thing that offends me. Take the matter of pronunciation. I hear words like "program", "dew", "inquiry", "often", and "comparable" mispronounced frequently, not to mention numerous uncommon ones. Speakers occasionally say "fixing the hair"; they use "and etc."; say "different than"; and suggest that something be kept in good shape. When such expressions are used in advertising, there is the reaction to distrust rather than to be convinced; when used by radio stars, there is the temptation to minimize their performance. Giving listeners faultless English will go a long way toward building up interested patronage.

I read most of the radio magazines in circulation today. People who have been at all observing will agree that "RADIO MIRROR" has attained a reputable position already. Although young, the content, illustrations, and features are not surpassed by any other competitive magazine. It's a publication, too, that we expect to improve with each issue. May it succeed!

MRS. ELIZABETH WILLIAMS,
Merrick, L. I., N. Y.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Wherein I give a TIP to Sponsors. I count RADIO BROADCASTS among my daily blessings, and when I

BROADCASTING



Ted Fiorito and his orchestra form the musical background for the Old Gold programs on Wednesday nights over a nation-wide CBS hookup

discovered RADIO MIRROR, I realized radio lovers now had a permanent rendezvous with pleasure. People have definite ideas on types of programs they desire, and sponsors will watch your columns for constructive criticism and advice, because it is the public they wish to please and SELL. Radio programs to them are chocolate covered pills with advertisements enwrapped therein.

Here's a tip for Radio Advertisers: Be sure the pill is not hard to take! If you're giving a silly program, people listening in probably enjoy the light fantastic, so have your advertising tread the same measure. CHEVROLET'S PROGRAM is a good example. Their advertising is adroit and funny . . . going over in a big way. That's the secret of RADIO ADVERTISING—silly programs, light advertising talk; heavy programs, dignified advertising. In other words, match the advertising to the entertainment given.

Sent in . . . with best wishes from

PATRICIA CLAFFORD,
Chicago, Ill.

\$1.00 PRIZE

In emulating our nation's leader by trying to find out the collective opinion of a people in listening to its individual voices (via the written word) you have hit on a really sound idea for working out the policies of your publication. For this, your friends are on both sides of the microphone as RADIO MIRROR is a true mirror of radio in ALL of its ramifications. Need I say more in your praise?

As to kind and quality of radio fare now current I have nothing but praise. My criticism is one of timing. I think a stagger system for special features is sorely needed. A play fan, for instance, gets jittery when forced to choose between two very good offerings simply because they are occurring simultaneously on different stations.

Plays, sports, news and other special periods would not

clash if the stagger system were used co-operatively by the major stations. The jittery public would calm down again knowing it could listen to favorite broadcasts without missing a better one elsewhere. The other broadcast would be heard later—or earlier as the case may be.

LOUISE KAYE,
Passaic, N. J.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Radio programs are, as a whole, entertaining, instructive and broadening, but why not have more dramas and worthwhile stories? Many people enjoy serial stories during the breakfast hour. When Today's Children was on the air each morning, we enjoyed it along with our breakfast and anticipated it with pleasure.

Almost everyone enjoys such a program as First Nighter and Grand Hotel and wish we might have more of them.

Ever so many people have expressed a desire for the return of such stories as those featuring Old Timer, sponsored by the Great Northern. Would it be possible to have more of this type of entertainment, enjoyed alike by young and old? It affords a splendid source of publicity for any business, and this type of program is appreciated, not only in large cities, but especially in small communities where radios are the principal source of entertainment and diversion.

My main aversion to the radio is the cramming of too much advertising in an otherwise splendid program.

The RADIO MIRROR is a medium much appreciated by radio fans and is a splendid value.

The many pictures are very welcome and the contents diversified and entertaining.

D. L. LOVELAND,
DENVER, COLORADO.

\$1.00 PRIZE

To me, radio is THE wonder of wonders. There is something awe-inspiring, something (Continued on page 64)

RADIO MIRROR

Lawrence Tibbett's Secret

(Continued from page 27)

year, Tibbett slaved at his singing. No parties. No studio rackets. Just hard work. In 1923, then, La Forge helped him secure an audition with the Metropolitan. At his first try-out nothing happened. After his second he got a contract to sing the smallest, almost nameless parts. And for nearly two years, like a hopeful young ball-player, he "sat on the bench" and waited for something big.

It came on January 2, 1925. Verdi's *Falstaff* had been revived for the adored Antonio Scotti, and Tibbett, the beginner, had a small part in the cast. After a duet between Scotti and Tibbett, the house went wild. Scotti and the cast went out to take the applause. And then a cry went up.

"Tibbett! Tibbett! We want Tibbett!" The operatic powers back-stage pushed the amazed young man out. And Lawrence Tibbett stepped before the great gold curtain alone. People stood up and shouted. The Golden Horseshoe forgot its dignity. No American artist had ever received such an ovation at the "Met". Tibbett had a very clear sensation of wanting to run away. Then he went out and telegraphed the news to his mother. Then he went home to bed. When morning came, and the newspapers with it, Tibbet was a star.

His contract ran for one year, and he had made his sensational success in mid-season. For the rest of that year, he was the most talked-of star in the company, he drew the largest houses, received the most fan-mail . . . and earned sixty dollars a week! When the opera closed, he booked his first coast-to-coast concert tour, and offers had to be rejected. The first thing he did, was to go home to Bakersfield, to play on the local ball team.

FOR several years, then, Tibbett sang leading rôles at the Metropolitan and toured the country in concert. But he reached, for the most part, only music lovers, and his rank was that of a "high brow" artist. And he wasn't satisfied. He wanted to reach, not the high-brows alone, but the people, the plain, average, everyday human beings from whom he springs. He didn't want to be "out of their class." So he turned his attention to the motion picture offers which had been coming to him. He entered picture work for two reasons . . . to sing to the people through a medium that is close to them, and to test out his belief that good music and good sing-

ing films can be just as entertaining as straight plays. It is certain that money alone would not have tempted Tibbett to Hollywood . . . though his picture fees are something around the \$50,000 mark. He went into the movies because he believed in them. When he appeared on the lot, nobody knew quite what to do about him. Plans had been made to welcome a cotton-batting-wrapped Prima Donna, and executives feared an outburst of temperament. When he got there, he made a friend of the errand boy. He played outfielder on the baseball team. He told stories about his Uncle Ed, who had been a bar-tender ("And why not? He had the cleanest saloon in Bakersfield. Everybody respected him!"). He talked real music to Lionel Barrymore and jazz to Cliff Edwards. And then they knew how to treat Lawrence Tibbett . . . like a real person.

He entered radio work for the same sort of reasons. Money alone would not have lured him . . . frankly, he doesn't need money. But he believes in radio as a supreme form of entertainment. Because it is convenient of access and free of cost (except to the sponsor!), it reaches everybody.

I FIRMLY believe that the American public wants to hear what is fundamentally good," Mr. Tibbett tells you. "But one has to be careful in defining what this 'good' really means. It doesn't always mean classic music, attached to a big name. The lovely old ballads, the folk music of different lands, and the hearty songs of home and the open spaces are, to me, eminently good music. We are in danger of detouring off the real road of musical progress if we ignore this. Thus, the radio can be made the finest means of musical education . . . if we go about this process wisely. Nobody can be expected to take in the supreme classics without preparation for them. Our immediate task lies just in this preparation. If you want a public to be ready for Beethoven, let us say, in five years, begin now by giving them samples of the lovely folk music, from which Beethoven himself drew so many of his ideas. Many a person who might ultimately come to appreciate fine music, is frightened away from it by tactless methods of presentation. Nobody wants things forced down his throat. Nobody wants to be talked down to. In planning my own programs, I try to give the people what

they want . . . not in the sense of pandering to any particular class of taste, but in the hope of enlisting interest in what I have to say, musically speaking. There is plenty of good music that isn't at all classic, and that anyone can understand. And by giving the people what is good, by inducing them to listen and have confidence in me, I am sure that they will constantly want what is better . . . not because they are being 'educated' consciously, but because they themselves will come to know and love great music."

Mr. Tibbett doesn't like to hear that radio taste is "cheap." Because it isn't! The thousands of letters that come to him, requesting him to sing certain songs, offer conclusive proof that the people want what is good.

HE has faith in the taste of the people and he radiates that faith. That, probably, is why so many different types of people have faith in him. He is a grand human being. He is delighted with his own success, but success doesn't mean anything toplofty to him. It means the joy of doing the job he loves . . . the fun of being liked . . . the chance of giving the people something they want. His hobbies? Chiefly singing. Whenever and for whomever he likes. He sings in his bath. He hates too many formal dinners where you have to dress, but loves parties that start with an informal telephone call to friends and end in stunts and singing. He calls his dog "Metco" in honor of the Metropolitan Opera Company. He practises his vocal exercises in the syllable "Blah". He walks on his hands, as a grand stunt, and collects rare editions of Shakespeare. He sang a Monday night radio broadcast last year, during the performance of *Aida*. Dressed in the leopard-skin of the Ethiopian King, blacked up, and wearing seven tiger-tooth necklaces, he rushed to the studio and back to the Opera House between the second and third acts, thus providing a real sensation for the traffic cops along Broadway. His favorite actress is Marie Dressler. His favorite bit of advice to eager youngsters who seek his aid for careers of their own is, "If you're in doubt about being a success as a singer, DON'T GO ON . . . the very fact that you *can* feel doubt probably means you'd be a flop."

Whatever he says and does, he keeps on being . . . just himself. That's why you and you and you like to hear him.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE AIR

Father Charles E. Coughlin whose courageous talks on the airwaves out of the middle west have made him one of radio's outstanding figures comes to you in the pages of JUNE RADIO MIRROR. The priest behind the crusader, the man whose words are eagerly heard and accepted by millions, will be presented to you in a thrilling article next month.

DON'T MISS THIS, the most humanly appealing and revealing story of America's most talked about broadcasting clergyman.

Roosevelt Believes Radio Fostered Nation's Faith

(Continued from page 7)

President addresses us all as "my friends", in that cordial natural way of his that he is bringing an old-fashioned political trick up-to-date, radio-izing the kiss-the-babies — flatter-the-ladies kind of thing. But if you could look behind the scenes at the system by which he keeps in touch with the country, you would realize that it is quite possible for him with his knowledge of what is going on everywhere actually to visualize and feel a warm personal glow for the people sitting around their radios—you and you and you in city, village and country.

For all the time reports are coming back from every section of America both to the President and to Mrs. Roosevelt from sympathetic, honest observers who are hunting out the country's sore spots and recommending what ought to be done about them. I happen to know that after one such report, the President immediately ordered a large supply of army blankets sent to the frozen tundras of North Dakota. And that is only an instance of the close watch he keeps on what is happening.

SO it may be said authoritatively that the President of the United States knows more than any other one person in the country what our individual problems are, and how we are meeting them. That is why, when he addresses us as friends, we may take it for granted that he means it in the most personal sense. And that is why too, we get the illusion that he is sitting there at his desk talking directly to each of us.

The White House, as perhaps you know, is one of the few homes in the United States and probably the world equipped with radio sending connections that can be switched on at any time to reach the whole country. Also, the President is the only citizen who can go on the air whenever he likes. Paying patrons consider it an honor graciously to yield their time to him and incidentally, they do not lose by the courtesy, for the announcers' acknowledgement of it gives them a bigger advertisement than their regular program would have done. However, President Roosevelt is always considerate and chooses time that upsets as few schedules as possible.

The broadcasting takes place in an oval room on the ground-floor of the White House that is known as the diplomatic reception room. In this chamber, which looks out at the base of Washington monument across the south grounds and has been especially wired for broadcasting, diplomats, who have the honor of driving their cars into the south grounds, leave their wraps when they come to formal gatherings. The room has the advantage for broadcasting of being rather secluded and proportionately quiet. On the floor above is the President's study.

PAUL WHITEMAN solves a mystery
and gives a clue to finer radio music



NEW LIFE FOR OLD RADIOS!

Quicker start! More power! Better tone! It really means *new life* for your set when you replace old, worn radio tubes with these new Micro-Sensitive tubes by RCA. These are the only tubes *guaranteed* by RCA Radiotron Company to give you 5 important improvements. Have your dealer test your tubes today. Insist on RCA Radio Tubes—and bring back the thrill of radio.

NEW MICRO-SENSITIVE
RCA RADIO TUBES
GIVE YOU:

- 1 Quicker Start
- 2 Quieter Operation
- 3 Uniform Volume
- 4 Uniform Performance
- 5 Every Tube is Matched



**Lunningham
Radiotron**



The desk at which Mr. Roosevelt sits to broadcast has two round holes bored in it through which wires are run when the equipment is set up, which is only when a presidential address is scheduled. There are two microphones—one for Columbia and one for N.B.C.—placed on the desk, each about sixteen inches from the Presidential lips. Since N.B.C. starts its program twenty seconds later than Columbia, the announcer of the latter chain always marks time by a bit of description. Then on the second both men take deep breaths and say as one voice "Ladies and Gentlemen"—appropriate and impressive pause—"the President of the United States"!

EVERYBODY, even the President, always smiles a little at this stately duet for the two announcers are stationed at a considerable distance apart on either side of the desk and yet they speak in absolute unison.

The word "states" is the cue for the switch-over that connects the President with the people. Mr. Roosevelt uses the second hand of his own watch to keep tally on the time while he is talking. This watch, which dangles usually from his lapel on a heavy chain is one of the old-fashioned kind in a hunting case and he inherited it from his grandfather. Incidentally, it has a spring that he can press at night to make it chime the hour or any fraction.

Before each broadcast, the two chains carefully check their wiring arrangements. N.B.C.'s goes from the White House to the topmost part of central Washington; Columbia's goes to Alexandria on the Potomac. The microphones and sound facilities are also painstakingly tried out a short while before the program begins and if there should be a suspicion of an echo the controls are adjusted to do away with it for less than perfection on these great occasions is not to be thought of.

It is strange to see anything so

modern as a microphone in the diplomatic reception room with its old-fashioned furniture, high ceilings and on the walls, portraits of past presidents and their wives—Chester A. Arthur, very majestic in a frock coat, Zachary Taylor in uniform and Dolly Madison in a very décolleté ball gown. One article of furniture, an upholstered circular seat in the middle of the room reminds me of the way it was described by Alice Roosevelt Longworth in her recent reminiscences. She is writing of the period when her father, Theodore Roosevelt, distant cousin of Franklin Delano, was president.

"The length of the east room was punctuated by three upholstered circular seats, each with an elevation in the centre out of which sprouted a potted palm," she comments, adding reminiscently, "When the palms were removed, a child could crouch in the vacant space and pop out at passers-by."

Well, a child can still do it and the Presidential grandchildren, Sistie and Buzzie Dall, quite often do.

Members of the President's family who are home at the time and their house-guests always gather for the broadcasting and follow with great interest the proceedings. The guests range from Cabinet members to college friends of the younger Roosevelt boys. The President is the last person to enter and everybody stands when he comes in and remains standing until he has seated himself at the desk. When the broadcast is over, he leaves the room first.

The President's office where he transacts business, sees callers and, I suppose writes his radio speeches, is also a novel room, quite large, with three long windows opening on the private gardens of the White House. Back of his desk are two large American flags on standards. The walls are hung with ship prints in two rows, part of the Presidential collection of ship pictures

which is so large that there are enough not only to decorate his office but also his study and bedroom in the White House proper and his private rooms in the New York and Hyde Park houses. On the mantel of the office are ship models and the nautical note extends even to the desk which has a ship's steering wheel that lights your cigarette when you turn the wheel and a ship's barometer that tells atmospheric pressure and predicts change in the weather.

The desk itself is supplied with everything that a busy man can want and all within easy reach, plenty of cigarettes and matches, clock, calendar, Congressional Directory (probably nobody but a President would want this), large wire basket for mail and pens—the President likes a good supply of these at hand so that he can use first one and then another.

I noted some bits of nonsense, too, for lighter moments—two Democratic donkeys, a greyish plush one with beady yellow eyes and a gayly-painted one; a little grey elephant very inconspicuous and I fancied, being crowded over by a Democratic rooster.

THE thing that I, like everybody else, can hardly get over is that all through the troubled times, the President has kept right on smiling. Nothing that happens dims that gallant spirit for long, and you get the echo of that courageousness in his voice. I thought his hair was a little greyer than it was when I last saw him more than six months ago. The circles under his eyes were deeper, perhaps, but he looks remarkably well and his chin seems to have grown squarer, his lips more firmly set and his entire face more resolute in the past half-year. His hand-clasp is as hearty as ever and his cordiality made me feel that he was really glad to see me.

That's the way he seems to all his callers. His graciousness is half his charm.



Meet the three Debutantes, members of Ted Fiorito's orchestra heard weekly. There's red-headed Betty, blonde Margery and brunette Dot all ready to sing another song from the piano top.

Is the American Hick Becoming a Home- Spun Crusader?

(Continued from page 11)

loaded with beasts consigned to the British troops in South Africa for the Boer War. For once Will figured his timing wrong. The war, which he'd planned to see, ended with his arrival. So, looking around for a way to make a living, he jined up with a carnival as a roper and rider revelling in the nom de theatre of "The Cherokee Kid". Thus he toured the mighty distances of South Africa, wandered finally to England, and eventually home to Oklahoma, via New York.

But cowboy wages aren't circus pay, and if you don't believe it ask Tom Mix who got \$10 a week on a ranch and \$17,000 a week in the movies. It wasn't long before Rogers was with another show, and in 1905 he was part of the horseshow at Madison Square Garden. From then on he was in the money. New York—the Big Time—liked his line, or at least, his act, for up to now Will's entertainment was strictly a "dumb act", no talk.

HIS cue music was a number called "Cheyenne", a rollicking piece from Tin Pan Alley in which the song-writer "wowed 'em" with a pun on "Shy Ann" and "Cheyenne". Will made an entrance with a rope in each hand, a horse and rider would gallop across stage and Will would lasso horse with one lariat and man with the other. It was fast work and sometimes the crowd didn't quite get it. Will decided an announcement was necessary to impress the difficulties of his stunt on an effete Eastern audience.

"That night I looked at the orchestra leader", he reminisces, "and hollered 'hey, you, stop it a minute!' They played that 'Cheyenne' number with plenty of brass. When he stopped I said: 'I'm goin' to try to throw one o' these things around the hoss, and the other around the man when he rides out here on the stage. Maybe I won't do it. I dunno.'"

"Well, sir, that announcement was a solemn thing to me, and a preacher couldn't have felt worse if his congregation had laughed in his face than I did when that audience roared into mine. But back-stage they explained to me that I was a comic, so I kept the announcement in, gradually added to it, and I've been gabby ever since."

Rogers played for the late Florenz Ziegfeld, the Great Glorifier, as star of numerous "Follies" and "Midnight Frolics", and it was really for Zeiggy, his life-long friend, that he put in the patter which ever afterward accompanied his rope stunts. There was no fixed routine. Then, as now, Will would glance through the papers and create a running comment of gags about events of the hour. He was a riot. No one could understand this keen-witted cowhand. A lot of the local smart-crackers were credited with doing his stuff for him. But that has been disproven.

WINNIE'S WORRY

—by Gil



Posed by professional models

New pounds for skinny figures —quick!

*Thousands gaining 5 to 15 lbs.
and lovely curves in a few weeks
with amazing new double tonic*

DOCTORS for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from constipation and indigestion, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special brewers' ale yeast, imported from Europe, the richest yeast known, which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is ironized with 3 special kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, new health come.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 225, Atlanta, Ga.

In 1908, in November 25, at Rogers, Arkansas, he married Betty Blake. It was, he claims, the best day's work of his life, and the worst for his wife. But their affectionate regard and constant companionship makes it evident that Mrs. Rogers doesn't quite agree with the last part of the statement at least. Ten years later he continued his career as professional Westerner in a series of silent motion pictures. Some of these were burlesque, all were farcical, or intended to be. Probably the best was a film version of "A Texas Steer" filmed in Washington, D. C. with Will, if memory serves, as a cow state Congressman.

But deprived of his tongue by the soundless cinema, Will quit films and returned to the "Follies", and stayed on Broadway until he entered the talkies in 1929 with "They Had to See Paris". Since then he's been one of the two stars on the Fox Films lot—Janet Gaynor being the other—and has made a lot of good pictures—"Lightnin'", "A Connecticut Yankee", "State Fair", and next he will portray the immortal horse-trader "David Harum".

Naturally, with the radio being the newest entertainment medium, and one especially designed for the Rogers type of humor, Will turned to broadcasting, and made the magnificent gesture of turning over his forty-odd thousands of dollars received from the Gulf Refining Company to the Salvation Army and the Red Cross. He's on the same program now, but this time at least a part of the earnings will go to the upkeep of the Rogers family, the Rogers polo ponies, and the Rogers welfare generally.

During his years before the public Will has met possibly every American of prominence from Gilda Gray to Franklin Roosevelt. The Lindberghs, for instance, are his warm friends. He has authored six or seven books that have sold well. He has lectured from the pulpit as well as from the stage. He has flown as far afield as South America to get material for his daily newspaper column which is syndicated in 200 newspapers both here and abroad. He has been the guest of Kings, and has

entertained Princes. By his passion for aviation he has done much to advance its cause.

And this, mind you, is the cultured, travelled gentleman, who pretends to be the hick, cracker-barrel, yokel wise-cracker. He'll keep right on working at it, but that is no reason why you should believe him other than a shrewd, keen commentator on the world and its ways who dresses up his oracular sayings with the feathers plucked from the tail of a badly abused grammar. He is the successor of Bill Nye, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, Eugene Fields, and a little more remotely of Abraham Lincoln. Given his health, which up to now is superb, anything may happen to him. A turn of the wheel may put him on a throne as a ruler rather than a jester—speculation as to his future can go even that far. So never write Will Rogers down a clown. He's a power in the land. And while he may sometimes be not quite so frank as he sounds, he's a power for good, and for right as he sees it.

The tales that are told about him are many. Some sound like a part of the act, but others are very human, and still others are mighty brave and fine—as, for instance, when he stepped into Fred Stone's show and saved it from closing while Fred lay for a year with most of his bones broken through a 'plane crack-up. He appeared twice daily for a week for Hollywood's Community Chest at a theatre in California. He toured the Mississippi flood area in behalf of the sufferers with Frank Hawks piloting his plane.

HE doesn't smoke and he doesn't drink. Began chewing gum when he quit tobacco. Writes his column at the last minute, taking about a half-hour to knock it out and an hour to try it out on anyone who is handy. His home is situated on the high plateau topping a Santa Monica mountain, a mile up-grade from the roadway. Here too is his polo field where he plays the game with his friends attired in overalls. Asked if he reads fiction he says, "Yes, the newspapers."

Forced to wear evening clothes in a

film, he made the studio pay declaring that while his contract said he must provide his own ordinary clothing, the studio was bound to pay for costumes, and to him, dinner jacket or "tails" was a "costume". There's a golf course on his estate, but he seldom swings a club. Tennis courts are available, too, but he doesn't use 'em. With a typical Rogers humor he knocks wood while declaring he's not superstitious. He declines to "sit" for pictures, and the studio cameramen have to catch him on the fly. Ordinarily, he dislikes reminiscing, and is shy of talk as to his early days. If he doesn't like you, he lets you know. And if you interview him, fight shy of too personal questions. He values privacy.

TERRIFICALLY active, his time is wholly consumed from morning to night. He's both an early riser and an early-to-bedder. He's a Mason, a Shriner and an Elk, besides belonging to several theatrical clubs. Writing, flying and polo are his favorite activities. Compliments embarrass him. When away from home, he's liable to dig up stakes any time. He has left town on fifteen minutes notice on any train going anywhere—whatever city he arrives in assures him of a welcome. Mrs. Rogers buys his clothes. He types with two fingers. Can't play any instrument, but, they say, recently remedied this defect by the purchase of a hurdy-gurdy. He doesn't play cards. On the radio, political speeches interest him most. He likes chile con carne best. His life is insured for something near \$1,000,000.

He was born on election day—but has never voted. A Siamese Prince offered him the present of an elephant. Will declined. He pretends to dislike being called "Old Will Rogers." He saves his best gags for his columns or his radio talks. Frequently ad libs in pictures. If he thinks of a good nifty he notes it down. He never kids the little fellows who can't take it. He says that his earliest ambition was to "grow up to be a man". And adds that sometimes he wonders whether he has attained it!

The Girl Behind the Perfect Voice

(Continued from page 15)

her cue to read her lines. To help her with the handling of the "pitch" of her voice, they slapped a couple of ear-phones around her fevered head, so she could hear the boys and girls of the cast doing their stuff in the studio. Came the signal, and the show went on. (P. S. The engineers were quarantined).

Well, if I hadn't known all about that unusual and historic set-up, I couldn't have noted any difference in that program. It went off perfectly, and made history. Later, many programs featured the stunt by having a band playing in a studio, and an organ miles away synchronizing with the orchestra, and vice-versa. In fact, the same arrangement today is used on national hookups, where various celebri-

ties in widely separated sections are thrown together on a single show.

But Elsie pioneered in this. The sponsor had insisted upon it, for he said sagely: "This is a case of Hitz and no errors!"

Elsie is as much a veteran in dramatics on the air, as Vaughn De Leath is to the crooning fraternity, which, as you may have noted, has grown somewhat in the seven years since Elsie and Vaughn began to do their stuff. Elsie, before the network age, had trained herself for the stage by hectic years in stock and in such dependable pieces as "The Cat and the Canary", where she was tossed around quite a bit by villains; "Restless Women", "The Butter and Egg Man" in which she was horribly wronged by the porcine villain

who engaged her as his stenographer, but merely wanted her to sit on his lap, and Fulton Oursler's sensation, "The Spider," in which she played the lone feminine role—that of the girl who had to be manhandled in the audience by a stooge for a mind-reader. Elsie did the best screaming of her dramatic career in this eery play.

Along about this time, radio began to emerge from its swaddling clothes, Elsie was called upon to play the role of Magnolia in a WEAf version of "Showboat". That was when the Telephone Company owned WEAf, and had tried out a hundred or more soft-spoken hello girls for the job, but found them incompetent, because while they could give you the shivers over the wire and make you think of dates,

the radio mikes frightened them half to death. So Elsie made her air debut, and the very next day was offered a swell job in a big Broadway show.

"But some impulse told me to reject the offer," she explains. "I guess it was a hunch that radio would be the theatre of tomorrow. I'm glad I didn't leave it."

Elsie really acquired her first real fame, however, in the *True Story* Magazine series. That was a job that called for great flexibility of voice, and her extraordinary versatility in shifting characters once a week. She played subsequently in the *Physical Culture* Magazine series, *Love Stories*, the Crime Club, the Shadow sketches (you remember the guy with the dirty laugh) "Arabesque," that poetic and fantastic story-within-a-story thing about the desert and sheiks. (And was Elsie given a run for her money by those Arabic gents, who kidnapped her from place to place, made love to her, threatened and tortured her, and just made life a series of ups and downs, loves and hates and oases and sand storms). The worst villain she ever encountered, however, was the Octopus, the maniac, featured in the Evening in Paris series, and played by a guy who seemed to be the half-witted brother of Fu Manchu. That is one creation I shall never forgive Edith Meiser for. She was the author. In this tumultuous batch of adventures, Elsie was the rich, sophisticated Patricia Barlow, who had a bashful lover, and in this case, it was Elsie who had to make love and propose, and finally consummate (scriptually, of course) one of her half dozen marital plunges. I liked June Armstrong best, and so did the audience.

IT was as June that Elsie was knocked over by the scarlet fever bacillus. But the present "Dangerous Paradise" is no slouch of a serial. At the moment of this writing, Elsie had added to her experiences by becoming the white goddess of a primitive tribe, which inhabits one of the Polynesian islands in the South Pacific. In this instance, she is the lovely Dale Brewster, and if Elsie had her way, that's the character she'd like to be in real life, and she'd like to live on such an island, provided they took fifty per cent of the villains out in one of the native outrigger canoes and drowned them.

To date, Elsie has been shipwrecked, homeless, starving, rescued by a handsome brute, made love to, thrown out on the beach, seized by savages, and rescued again. And the author of Dangerous Paradise is racking his brain now to find some way of breaking the monotony of such inactive island life. He is, this author, a lad by the name of Bill Sweets, who authors most everything you hear on the air with a distinct dramatic quality.

But it's not only the fictional heroes and villains who fall in love with Elsie and her voice. Thousands of listeners go for Elsie's diction like a camel for a nice cool drink. Every broadcast evokes pleas from lovelorn swains in all parts of the country who want to marry Elsie without so much as giving

her time to live out her life with her present and much-beloved husband, John L. Welch. And it's rather unreasonable, too, for these seekers after Elsie's heart, to expect her to rush away from her job, and leave her sweet little daughter, Jean, all unattended.

And that's what Elsie tells 'em when she answers the fan mail.

But there was one little fellow to whom she didn't have the heart to send such a reply. He was an anemic little lad of 15, in a New England hospital. He fell in love with Elsie right up to his ears. He just had to see her, and so he wrote. Elsie delayed a reply, and more letters came. Of course, she had no way of knowing the circumstances. But at length, came a letter from one of the hospital staff, stating that the physicians believed the boy would most certainly die of a broken heart if he did not meet his heroine.

Miss Hitz conferred with her sponsors. They agreed that a life was a life, and that if a trip to the broadcast would help bring the lad back to health, well, Elsie could act up.

So it was arranged.

The lad was brought to New York, and when he discovered that Elsie was not quite his own age, his ardor dampened somewhat. Nevertheless, he was still in love, and Elsie humored him. She took him to the studio, and with friends accompanied him on a visit to Rudy Vallee (another of his idols), and after a full day of companionship, the lad went back to the hospital, and so great was the change in his psychology, that he up and got well, although there never had been much hope for this.

That was the one occasion in the life of Elsie Hitz when she played Pagliacci. She was gay and frolicsome all the time the sick lad was with her, but there was a lump in her throat, and she had to fight back the tears throughout the experience. The boy doesn't know yet that it was Elsie's kind, generous and understanding husband who went all over town with them—their chauffeur.

To me, that is one of the unique dramas of radio's backstage.

MISS HITZ is another of those Clevelanders who made the big grade in radio. And if you have a little son, daughter, brother or sister, who gets up and recites at parties and church sociables, and who likes to emote or wax dramatic, don't leave home. The child may be a radio star someday, if you encourage the vocal tricks. For that is how Elsie started; that and parental encouragement are what inspired her to the realization of her ambition to become a dramatic personality. Why, before she was 18 she was doing heavy dramatics in Notre Dame Academy, in Cleveland, and it was at one of these amateur theatricals that she was discovered, and eventually piloted to the professional stage. Thousands of fans are glad she didn't stay on the stage—and I happen to be one of them, because, shush! shush! boys and girls, I too, go for that Hitz voice in a big, big way!

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THIS is your opportunity to glorify your eyes, to have long, lovely lashes. Here's the way used by smart women everywhere. So easy, so inexpensive. Just a magic touch with Winx, the super-mascara.

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To introduce Winx to new friends, note our trial offer below. Note, too, our Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". It not only tells of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet" and wrinkles, etc., etc.



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Cake or Liquid



FREE

Merely send coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". If you also want a month's trial package of Winx mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish cake or liquid, black or brown.

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Street			
City		State	
<input type="checkbox"/> Cake	<input type="checkbox"/> Liquid	<input type="checkbox"/> Black	<input type="checkbox"/> Brown

RADIO MIRROR We Have With Us

(Continued from page 35)

5:45 P. M. LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—childhood playlet with Shirley Bell, and Allan Baruck (Wander Company) daily except Sunday. WJZ and associated stations.

Poor little Annie and her radio troubles.

5:45 P. M. THE WIZARD OF OZ—dramatization of A. A. Milne Children Stories, with Nancy Kelly (General Foods Corp.). WEA and associated stations.

Dramatizing the printed page.

7:00 P. M. MYRT AND MARGE—daily except Saturday and Sunday (Wrigley Chewing Gum). WABC and associated stations.

They always give you something new.

7:00 P. M. AMOS 'N' ANDY—blackface comedians. Daily except Saturday and Sunday (Pepsodent toothpaste). WJZ and associated stations.

It looks like five years more of this.

7:15 P. M. JUST PLAIN BILL—daily except Saturday and Sunday (Kolynos Sales Co.). WABC and associated stations.

That's what it is.

7:30 P. M. MUSIC BY GEORGE GERSHWIN (Feen-a-mint). Also Friday. WJZ and associated stations.

One man who has a right to broadcast fame.

7:30 P. M. THE MOLLE SHOW—Shirley Howard and the Jesters, Red, Wamp and Guy; Milt Rettenberg, pianist; Tony Callucci, guitar. Also Wednesday and Thursday. (Molle Shaving Cream). WEA and associated stations.

Vaudeville that goes too quickly.

7:45 P. M. BOAKE CARTER—news commentator (Philco Radio and Television Corp.) Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WABC and associated stations.

As one man sees the day's events.

7:45 P. M. THE GOLDBERG'S—Gertrude Berg, James Waters and others, comedy sketch (Pepsodent Company). Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEA and associated stations.

A famous family air their troubles.

8:00 P. M. HAPPY BAKERS. Phil Duey, Frank Luther and Jack Parker, with Vivien Ruth (Wonder Bread). Also Wednesday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.

Happy and snappy.

8:15 P. M. EDWIN C. HILL. "The Human Side of the News." Also Wednesday and Friday (Barbasol Company). WABC and associated stations.

What happened today and might happen next week.

8:30 P. M. THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE—Lawrence Tibbett and Richard Crooks alternating with William Daly's orchestra (Firestone Tire and Rubber Company). WEA and associated stations.

Two glorious voices in perfect alternation.

8:30 P. M. BING CROSBY AND ORCHESTRA; The Mills Brothers (Woodbury

Soap). WABC and associated stations.

He makes this a national stay-at-home night.

8:30 P. M. THE DJER KISS RECITAL—Michael Bartlett, tenor, with Alexander Steinert's orchestra (Vadsco Sales Corp.). WJZ and associated stations.

All in the cause of perfume.

9:00 P. M. A. & P. GYPSIES—Direction Harry Horlick; Frank Parker, tenor. (Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.). WEA and associated stations.

Old timers with Mr. Parker to make it new.

9:00 P. M. SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS—minstrel show with Gene Arnold, interlocutor; Joe Parsons, bass; male quartet; Bill Childs, Mac McCloud and Clifford Soubier, end men; band director, Harry Kogen. (Sinclair Refining Co.) WJZ and associated stations.

The success of this one even surprises us.

9:00 P. M. ROSA PONSELLE with Andre Kostelanetz' Orchestra and 16-voice chorus (Chesterfield). WABC and associated stations.

Our favorite voice, and it's about time.

9:30 P. M. DEL MONTE SHIP OF JOY with Hugh Barrett Dobbs, Doric and Knickerbocker Quartets; Orchestra direction Meredith Willson (California Packing Co.). WEA and associated stations.

Take a little cruise yourself.

9:30 P. M. JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS—guest star; orchestra direction Josef Pasternack. WJZ and associated stations.

Sugary melodies.

9:30 P. M. "THE BIG SHOW" with Gertrude Niesen, Isham Jones' orchestra, and Dramatic Cast and Guest Artist (Ex-Lax). WABC and associated stations.

A swell orchestra and the coming blues singer.

10:00 P. M. CONTENTED PROGRAM—Gene Arnold, narrator; the Lullaby Lady; male quartet; orchestra direction Morgan L. Eastman; Jean Paul King, announcer (Carnation Milk Co.). WEA and associated stations.

Well, are you?

TUESDAY

1:30 P. M. EASY ACES (Jad Salts). Also Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.

We insist this deserves a night spot.

5:45 P. M. REX COLE MOUNTAINEERS—Hillbilly songs and sketch (Rex Cole, Inc.). Also Thursday. WEA

Warbling straight from Arkansas.

7:30 P. M. THE SILVER DUST SERENADERS with Phil Cook. Also Thursday and Friday. (Gold Dust Corp.). WABC and associated stations.

A lot of people think he's flunny.

7:45 P. M. GUS VAN AND COMPANY;

Arlene Jackson, blues singer. WJZ and associated stations.

That Van still knows how to put a song over.

8:00 P. M. LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA with Phil Duey, baritone (Philip-Morris Cigarettes). WEA and associated stations.

One of America's smoothest musical group.

8:00 P. M. ENO CRIME CLUES, an original Spencer Dean mystery drama with Edward Reese and John MacBryde (Harold S. Ritchie & Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

Shudders and thrills.

8:30 P. M. LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King and his orchestra. Also Wednesday. WEA and associated stations.

9:00 P. M. BEN BERNIE'S BLUE RIBBON ORCHESTRA (Premier-Pabst Sales Co.) WEA and associated stations.

Ben still shows them how to do it.

9:15 P. M. OLDSMOBILE Presents Ruth Etting, John Green and his orchestra; chorus. Also Friday. WABC and associated stations.

If there's anything better than Ruth, we haven't heard it.

9:30 P. M. THE TEXACO FIRE CHIEF BAND—Ed Wynn, the Fire Chief, with Graham McNamee; male quartet; Fire Chief Band (Texas Co.). WEA and associated stations.

He's crazy but he makes them laugh.

9:30 P. M. EDDIE DUCHIN and his Central Park Casino Orchestra. Also Thursday and Saturday (Pepsodent Company). WJZ and associated stations.

Duchin's the Debbie's delight but he no likee.

10:00 P. M. CAMEL CARAVAN with Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra; Stoopnagle and Budd and Connie Boswell (Camel Cigarettes). Also Thursday. WABC and associated stations.

A double header of what the listeners seem to like best.

WEDNESDAY

8:00 P. M. THE ROYAL GELATINE REVIEW—Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen with Cliff Hall; Peter Van Steeden's Orchestra. WEA and associated stations.

We'll take the baron any night.

8:30 P. M. ALBERT SPALDING, Violinist; with Conrad Thibault, Baritone, and Don Vorhees Orchestra (Fletcher's Castoria). WABC and associated stations.

A famous artist who knows his popular appeal.

9:00 P. M. THE IPANA TROUBADOURS—orchestra; guest artist (Ipana Toothpaste). WEA and associated stations.

Pleasantly remindful of pearly teeth.

9:00 P. M. RAYMOND KNIGHT and his Cuckoos. (A.C. Spark-Plug Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

The crazy crowd in a new spot.

RADIO MIRROR

9:00 P. M. NINO MARTINI with Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra and 16-voice chorus (Chesterfield). WABC and associated stations.

A beautiful voice in well chosen programs.

9:30 P. M. FRED ALLEN'S SAL HEPATICA REVUE—Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa; Jack Smart, Mary McCoy, Ferde Grofe's orchestra and the Songsmith's quartet (Sal Hepatica Salts). WEA and associated stations.

A really smart comedian who knows how to build his own program.

9:30 P. M. THE VINCE PROGRAM—guest artist and William Daly and his string orchestra (Wm. R. Warner Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

Somebody's got a hard spot to fill.

9:30 P. M. WHITE OWL PROGRAM. Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians with Burns and Allen, Comedy Team (General Cigar Co.). WABC and associated stations.

As silly as ever and just as amusing.

10:00 P. M. OLD GOLD PROGRAM—Ted Fiorito and his orchestra with Dick Powell, Master of Ceremonies (P. Lorillard Co.). WABC and associated stations.

Now there's a leader who knows music.

10:00 P. M. PLOUGH'S MUSICAL CRUISER—Vincent Lopez and his orchestra; Ed Sullivan, Sports Announcer; three Scamps; James Wallington Master of Ceremonies. (Plough, Inc.). WJZ and associated stations.

Lopez is still one of our favorites.

THURSDAY

8:00 P. M. FLEISCHMANN HOUR—Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees; guest artists. (Fleischmann's Yeast). WEA and associated stations.

Still the best air show.

8:30 P. M. "VOICE OF AMERICA" with Mary Eastman; guest speaker; Nicholas Kempner's Orchestra (Underwood Typewriters). WABC and associated stations.

This one should make you tune in.

9:00 P. M. CAPTAIN HENRY'S MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT—Charles Winniger; Lanny Ross, tenor; Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Doris Bennett, soprano; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n' January; Gus Haenschen's Show Boat Band. (Maxwell House Coffee). WEA and associated stations.

A steamboat ride you shouldn't miss.

10:00 P. M. PAUL WHITEMAN and his orchestra and radio entertainers; Al Jolson, singing comedian; Deems Taylor, master of ceremonies (Kraft Phoenix Cheese Corp.). WEA and associated stations.

The jazz king and the mammy singer which should be enough for you.

FRIDAY

11:00 A. M. MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR—Walter Damrosch conducting. WEA-WJZ and associated stations.

You'll learn something here.

8:00 P. M. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Jessica Dragonette, soprano, and the Cities Service quartet; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's orchestra. WEA and associated stations.

A sweet soprano and Banta makes the keys talk.

8:00 P. M. NESTLE'S CHOCOLATEERS with Ethel Shutta, Walter O'Keefe and Don Bestor's Orchestra (Nestle's Chocolate). WJZ and associated stations.

The candy kids but there should be more of O'Keefe.

8:30 P. M. THE MARCH OF TIME (Remington Typewriters). WABC and associated stations.

One of radio's best ideas brilliantly carried out.

9:00 P. M. WALTZ TIME—Frank Munn, tenor; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Abe Lyman's orchestra (Sterling Products). WEA and associated stations.

You know what we think of these artists.

9:30 P. M. RICHARD HUDNUT presents Marvelous Melodies—The Powder-Box Revue. With Jack Whiting, Jeanie Lang, Jack Denny and his orchestra (Richard Hudnut Cosmetics). WABC and associated stations.

We'll take Whiting—you can have Jeanie.

9:30 P. M. THE ARMOUR PROGRAM featuring Phil Baker, Harry McNaughton, Mabel Albertson; orchestra direction Roy Shield; Merrie-Men male quartet; Neil Sisters, harmony trio (Armour & Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

Now, this is something we'll stay home for.

10:00 P. M. FIRST NIGHTER—dramatic sketch with June Meredith, Don Ameche, Cliff Soubier, Eric Sagerquist's orchestra. (Compana Corporation). WEA and associated stations.

All the theatre thrills in your own home.

SATURDAY

1:45 P. M. METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY—John B. Kennedy and Milton J. Cross commentators (Lucky Strike Cigarettes). WEA-WJZ and associated stations.

One of the real high-lights of the week.

8:00 P. M. "FORTY-FIVE MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD" (Borden Company). Mark Warnow's Orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

Some entertaining camera tidbits.

9:00 P. M. COLGATE HOUSE PARTY—Donald Novis, tenor; Frances Langford, blues singer; Arthur Boran, radio mimic; Rhythm Girls Trio; Melody Boys Trio; orchestra direction Don Voorhees; Brad Browne, Master of Ceremonies. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.). WEA and network.

This should make your Saturday night a little brighter.

9:00 P. M. GRETE STUECKGOLD with Andre Kostelanetz' Orchestra and 16-

"Here is the **SECRET**"

says

Mary Brian



MOON GLOW

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Beautifies Your Hands

YOU will be delighted with the smartness of your hand when you beautify them with MOON GLOW Nail Polish. Keep on your shelf all of the six MOON GLOW shades—Natural, Medium, Rose, Platinum Pearl, Carmine and Coral.

If you paid \$1 you couldn't get finer nail polish than Hollywood's own MOON GLOW—the new favorite everywhere. Ask your 10c store for the 10c size or your drug store for the 25c size of MOON GLOW Nail Polish in all shades. If they cannot supply you, mail the coupon today.

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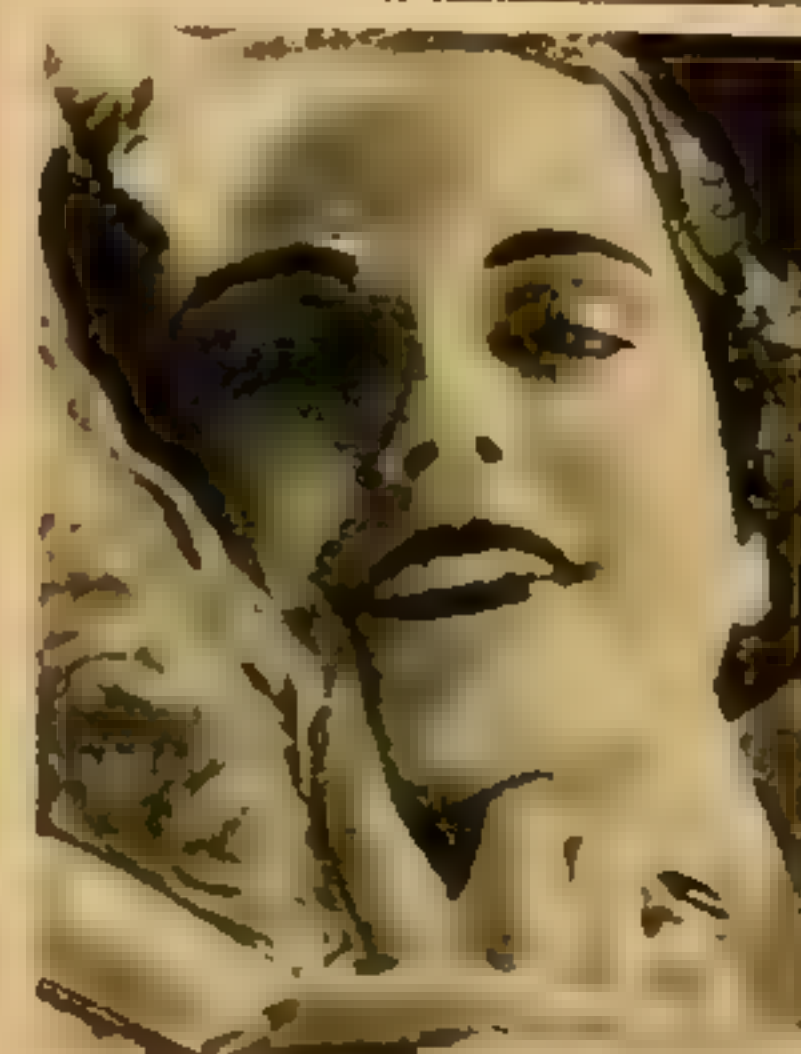
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Men, women, girls with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "Shampo Kolor," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Does not rub off. Free Booklet. Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 47, 254 W. 31st St., N. Y.



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100 Watt lamp, reg. price \$1.25, you sell for 85c, costs you 45c. Send 25c for sample and money-making salesplan.

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Oily Skin may be a dangerous breeding ground for BLACKHEADS. DON'T SQUEEZE THEM! IT MAY CAUSE SCARS, INFECTION! Dissolve Blackheads, refine Large Pores, stop embarrassing Greasiness, "Shine," clear Muddy, Tanned Skin. Just wash with water and wonderful KLEERPLEX WASH! Has marvelous pore-purifying powers. Gets at the cause QUICKLY! SAFELY! LIGHT-ENS! BEAUTIFIES! Gives you the clean-cut attractive look. SEE QUICK IMPROVEMENT. No harmful chemicals. No staying home. A guaranteed, pure product, approved by thousands of happy users—both Men and Women. Stop wasting time and money on ordinary cosmetics—send only \$1 TODAY for this unusual skin purifier. **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!**

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☐ Here is \$1. Please send me 2 mos.' supply of KLEERPLEX WASH or
☐ I will pay postman plus 20c P. O. charge. Outside U. S. \$1.25—no CODs.
☐ WRITE NAME—ADDRESS IN MARGIN

MAIL COUPON NOW



Do you long for the allure of a soft, smooth skin... a complexion young and radiant as a morning in May?

Mere "wishing" won't bring you the beauty you envy so much in others. But there is a very easy, very inexpensive way to acquire loveliness... a way that is practiced by millions of charming American women.

Begin today to use OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick... the only preparations of their kind made with a pure Olive Oil base! Observe how these marvelous beauty-aids improve your skin; bring out its natural, living tones. Your face takes on a smooth, velvety texture. Lips and cheeks become tempting—luscious

In large economy-sizes at drug and department stores—50c and 25c. Mail the coupon if you want to try 5 of these exceptional beauty preparations.

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CRYSTAL CORP., Willis Ave., N. Y. C., Dept. 124E
I enclose 10c. Please send me liberal trial packages of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, Lip-and-Cheek Rouge, Cleansing Cream, Olive Oil Cream, and Perfume.

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... to ANY shade you Desire
... SAFELY in 5 to 15 minutes

Careful, fastidious women avoid the use of peroxide because peroxide makes hair brittle. Lechler's Instantaneous Hair Lightener. Used as a paste, it cannot streak. Eliminates bleached hair. Lightens blonde hair grown dark. This is the only preparation that also lightens the scalp. No more dark roots. Used over 20 years by famous beauties, stage and screen stars and children. Harmless, Guaranteed. Mailed complete with brush for application.

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Baby Touch Hair Remover is the new, amazing way to remove hair from arms, legs and face—quickly and safely. Used like a powder puff. Odorless, painless, better than a razor. Baby Touch leaves the skin soft, white and restores youth and beauty to the skin. Should last a month. Satisfaction guaranteed. At drug and department stores or send 25c for one in plain wrapper.

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Send today for free information telling about explorer's discovery of ancient "Bal-Dava", (meaning hair medicine) from Far East India where baldness is practically unknown... learn how in many cases you can stimulate hair growth, correct itching scalp, dandruff and other troubles that cause loss of hair. No obligation... all free upon your request in plain wrapper... MAIL COUPON TODAY!

ALWIN, Dept. 105, 75 Varick St., New York
Please send advice on correcting hair troubles to

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voice chorus (Chesterfield). WABC and associated stations.

More serious music.

10:00 P. M. THE SATURDAY NIGHT TER-
RAPLANE PARTY with Robert L. "Be-

lieve-it-or-not" Ripley; B. A. Rolfe and his orchestra; Men About Town trio. (Hudson Motor Car Co.).

WEAF and associated stations.

Things you never knew till now.

Fred Allen Story

(Continued from page 29)

and he was baptized John F. Sullivan thirty some years ago. He has a reticence about having his age known so we'll just say he's in his early thirties and you can form your own opinion as to whether we're giving him the break of a couple of years. The day he first opened his eyes, the ground hog went right back into his hole and it was cold Massachusetts winter for the young Sullivan many years until at last he hit Broadway and the Main Stem paid tribute to his talents.

He tried out many jobs while he was still mastering the elementary branches of an education and though his schooling has been limited he is an avid reader and has that mellow, rich learning which comes from varied and wide experience with all sorts of people and experiences.

As a small boy he worked in the public library in Boston and had a penchant for planning his future career from whatever book he happened to pick up. If it was a volume of travel he was going to far places, if it was a thesis on bridge building then that's what he wanted to do—for the moment. It was natural therefore when one day he came upon a book which minutely described the art of juggling he should immediately consider himself an embryonic juggler and so seriously did he dwell on this outlook that eventually he became a very bad throw-and-catch-'em artist in small time vaudeville. His manipulations of the various instruments were so inept and so coldly received that he interpolated funny lines to cover his fumbings, gradually developing into a comedian, and leaving the shiny balls to those who could catch them better.

He served in the A. E. F. during the World War and after the armistice returned to New York to hunt a job and marry Portland Hoffa, his present wife and professional stooge, and to struggle along for years until a chance in a big Broadway production brought his clever routines to the attention of those who make stars out of road-show strugglers. What Fred Allen did in the way of keeping the first "Little Show" audiences laughing is still theater history. And what Fred Allen did, in that era, by way of making brilliant successes out of after-theater parties and social soirees is still talked about, too. He was the stellar guest of all those gatherings that included Noel Coward, the Alfred Lunts and other lights.

He had a grand time himself, too, until he realized that staying up late at night and getting up early the next morning made him more amusing socially than he might be professionally. Then, as is typical of Fred Allen, he immediately did an about-face. He

gave up the parties because his work was so much more important and nowadays if you hear of the Fred Allens being among those present at any of the big social events you may rest assured Fred's there because of an old friendship or because he's so inherently kind he couldn't find a "no."

The Allens' existence, away from the radio, is an uneventful one if judged by the activities of most other microphone celebrities. Fortunately for Fred, Portland likes the quiet ways. Though, I suppose, she's so much in love with her husband, even if she weren't the quiet, retiring sort of person she is, whatever Fred said would be right.

Allen lives by a routine of physical exercises and careful adherence to a sane diet so that he is in better condition this year than he has been for many theatrical seasons. He has all sorts of gymnastic equipment in his own home and if you see a picture of Fred in his living room, slouched in a comfortable chair with a glass in his hand, you may be sure it contains milk. He walks miles every day and visits a New York gym several times a week. He keeps regular hours, works all day and as a result not only writes his own material, scribbles off syndicated letters and humorous articles for any number of publications but concocts the stuff for other comedians whose names are as well known as his. Many a quip that has brought a coast-to-coast laugh has originated in the fertile mind of Fred Allen and we don't mean it finally reached the public by the pilfering route either, because a part of Allen's income is derived from contracts to provide the continuities for other stars. During months between theater engagements he once served as a production man in Paramount's Long Island studio where he brightened the dialogue of many a dull scenario. And if any of you vaudeville fans of other years recall a funny fellow named Fred James who long ago made you laugh, that was Fred Allen, too. Only he changed his name to Allen after he'd changed John Sullivan to Fred James.

HE'S an old married man now, judging by Broadway matrimonial seasons but he's still so crazy about Portland Hoffa he'd rather you complimented her than his own humor. His generous spirit extends to other members of his radio cast, too. He doesn't hog the catch lines. He'll often give the funniest speeches to somebody less important than he when he writes the script because to him it's the act that comes first—not Fred Allen. That, any executive or actor will tell you, is the height of professional generosity.

There's Only One Marriage for Me

(Continued from page 17)

qualms about spoiling everybody's plans, but I was so much in love with the little lady that I was ready to defy anything or anybody. At first, we met secretly at out-of-the-way lunch stands around Hollywood not frequented by the gossip throngs of filmdom. Sometimes we got together at the homes of mutual friends. The times we met were as out-of-the-way as the places, for I was busy all night singing, and Dixie was busy practically all day at the studio.

Dixie and I "clicked" perfectly, except on one occasion which makes me laugh till this day when I remember it. We finally decided to brave a public appearance together, and so I was to escort Dixie to the opening of one of her pictures.

CARELESSLY, I put on a henna overcoat over my evening clothes, and when I called for Dixie she took one look at me and gasped.

"Bing Crosby!" she exclaimed, "Do you think I'm going out with you when you look like that?"

"Now don't get mad, Dixie," I took her arm and led her protesting to my car, "Calm down. Do you mean to say that the shade of my sport coat is worth an argument?"

"You look terrible!" her eyes flashed, "You always do wear the worst clothes, anyway. Well, I'm not going into the theatre with you looking that way!"

She didn't either. Any Hollywood reporters who were hanging around the theatre expecting to snap a scoop picture of Dixie and me walking in together were disappointed. Because Dixie stalked in alone. I followed later, somewhat sheepishly, and sat by myself. I didn't even have the pleasure of seeing her home, because she left with more proper folk!

Two days later, we could both laugh at the incident. I was, and am, a trifle eccentric about my appearance. My alibi is that I am color blind—but my blue socks, yellow tie, and light green shirt will always get a rise out of somebody. By this time, Dixie has either become resigned to it, or is too tactful to make remarks.

Occasionally, Dixie and I staged heated arguments on the subject of parents. Her folks, you see, considered me the worst catastrophe since the Great Flood, and her natural loyalty to them caused a few clashes.

Approximately six months after our meeting in Coconut Grove, and subsequent secret rendez-vous, I got up enough courage to ask her to marry me. This great event took place at a little chicken shack in Beverly Hills, "The Ferncroft."

Dixie did not say "yes", immediately. In fact, the little lady gave me a severe lecture. She said that I must exhibit some tendency to walk the straight and narrow path, tend more to business, and make the most of my opportunities. This I earnestly and sincerely promised to do . . . but in living up to

my word I was thrown into such a rush of professional activity that I had little time to be with Dixie!

Since there was so much opposition, we decided to marry secretly, then announce it after the deed was done. My brother Everett, and Maybeth Carr, a friend of Dixie's were let in on the plot and promised to stand up for us.

Sue Carol was also part of the conspiracy, for she, gracious lady that she is, had promised to lend us her house for our brief honeymoon. A trip would have been impossible at that time for Dixie and I were both working, myself with Gus Arnheim at the Coconut Grove, the wife-to-be concluding her three-year contract with Fox.

We were married at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament in Hollywood, September 27, 1930. The news of the wedding broke with hurricane force, and, like a hurricane, soon blew over. Dixie's parents were more bitter than mine for they had set their hearts on her success as an actress, and they realized that as Mrs. Crosby she would not sign another contract! Furthermore, it was not as if she had tossed away her career to marry someone of importance. The man of her choice was only a yodeler in Hollywood night clubs!

Being married to Dixie greatly stimulated my ambition, and I was all set to conquer the world. I realized that I had not only robbed the cradle, but had smashed a promising career to smithereens. You see, I couldn't realize all that without sensing a great deal of responsibility, and eagerness to make up for Dixie's loss by amounting to something myself.

With this incentive, my own career went ahead by leaps and bounds—and by the grace of fortunate "breaks". It was through recordings that William S. Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, heard me sing "I Surrender Dear" and decided to surrender a very lucrative radio contract to me!

MY orchestra contract took me from coast to coast playing the vaudeville theatres and night clubs. Dixie sometimes went on the road with me, sometimes waited in a Hollywood hotel for my return from Chicago or Minneapolis or Louisville.

If she had not been the sport that she is, the life we led might have made her lonely and unhappy and regretful. She could never depend upon me to be home in time for dinner, and we would frequently have to pull up our roots and move from one apartment house or hotel to another. But throughout the fever and rush of my fight for success, the hectic pace that has made smooth domestic life impossible, Dixie has kept smiling, and hoping that we might someday be able to have a permanent home of our own.

Last year, the arrival of Gary Evans in Hollywood made it imperative for the Crosbys to own a "little grey home

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in the west". Planning our own ideal place, and moving into it, was one of the happiest moments of our lives. We furnished it in early American style with big, comfortable chairs and chintz curtains.

The California climate is ideal for me, because I enjoy golf and fishing all the year around. Though Dixie is not much of a sportswoman, she enjoys sailing, and is an excellent skipper. In fact, she can sail a boat as well as she can handle me—which is saying a lot!

We have a few friends in Hollywood, tried and true. Jobyna and Dick Arlen, for instance, often make a foursome at cards whenever I have an evening at home. Since both the Crosbys and Arlens have young babies, we like to fancifully discuss their future.

Gary Evans appears to have a little of both our dispositions in his make-up, but he favors Dixie in appearance. I would love to see my son in the show

business, but this much is certain. When he is old enough to be sent to college, he will attend Notre Dame, or some other good Jesuit school.

Dixie is a good little mother, but she manages to also remain my sweetheart. We don't have many arguments, but when we do, we both have a good healthy sulk and avoid each other until it blows over.

She is also my favorite critic. Since Dixie can sing like nobody's business herself, I sit up and take notice whenever she offers me any constructive criticism.

I shall always be thankful for that night at the Cocoanut Grove, four years ago that Dixie's eyes, my lucky stars, first shone on me. And come what may—a certain quotation from the prayerbook is applicable to us—

"As it was in the beginning—is now—and ever shall be, world without end!"

I Speak for Myself

(Continued from page 9)

in our block—and the tomboy part of me was very hard on my clothes.

One Easter Sunday morning, mother had me all dressed up in a brand new melon pink linen! I can close my eyes and see it now—with its crisp embroidered organdy collar! As I stood on the front steps waiting for the rest of the family to take me to church with them, one of the boys next door asked me to give him a push in his coaster wagon. Well—I ran right down and gave him a push—and hung on to enjoy the ride. I fell off en route to the foot of the hill, and soiled my lovely new dress!

Another time, my grand old Billy had one of his romping streaks, and I joined in the fun of racing around the yard. I was wearing a brand new brown winter coat—but that meant nothing to Billy—he knocked me down and dragged me all around the yard by his teeth. When the confusion was over—a big snag was torn in the front of my coat.

Our colored cook, Daisy, used to tell the grandest stories. All about spooks, and h'ants, and sea captains. Sometimes, when I went to bed, my imagination would get the best of me, and I'd begin to see bears and tigers crouching in the dark corners of my room. Then I'd remember that Daisy would always say, "Sing, and you keep the devil away"—so I'd hum myself to sleep.

The hero of my young life was grandfather—who used to ride around on a swashbuckling motorcycle. Sometimes he'd take me for a ride, and it was always like an adventure to me. Then, my favorite heroine was Pearl White—the star of "The Perils of Pauline." How many times I held my breath while the villain was closing in on her!

I was a very poor student in school. I hate to admit it, but I actually suffered through those tedious study hours and classes! Latin and algebra were by far my worst subjects, and the most bearable to me were geography and history. The only fun I ever had in

school was when the music teacher was ill, and I was allowed to take the class. I never was given piano or vocal lessons, but I could always instinctively remember notes and lyrics—so my do, re, mi, were as correct as though read from music bars.

All the Washington school kids looked forward to inaugural parade, when we had a holiday and perched on letter boxes. Another big event was the arrival of the circus, and we were always allowed to watch the parade of elephants, zebras and camels with the calliope shrieking through the streets.

The only thing approximating music study, was listening to our victrola. Often, especially on rainy afternoons, I'd play Frances Alda's records. As a kid my voice was pure soprano, then as I grew older it became more of a contralto, though I still have a soprano's range.

UNLIKE most tomboys, I was perfectly content to be a girl. I always thought boys were out of luck because they couldn't dress up. A new dress made me feel just like a queen. Of all the grand dresses mother sewed me—one stands out in my mind as being the perfect "creation"—a blue crepe de chine dress with beautiful velvet and satin flowers around the sash. (But alas and alack—when I look at pictures of it now—it seems very silly!)

As I grew older, I stopped tearing my dresses to shreds, but I occasionally did something which would make mother gasp. When I was thirteen, I scared everybody to death by starting out to experiment driving my uncle's automobile parked in front of our house. Ever since the days when I admired Grandfather's motorcycle, I had wanted to try my hand at running an engine, and I thought I'd go out and quietly see how the thing was done. I stepped on the self starter—I stepped on, and pulled at other mysterious

implements—and before I knew it the car was moving. Then I got scared—because I couldn't stop it. So I had to yell for help, and one of our neighbors, quietly reading the paper on his front porch, came to my rescue. He leaped on the running board, took the steering wheel, climbed in and stopped the car. That was one of the most humiliating moments of my life.

"Katherine, don't you be such a smarty-cat!" he said.

I was trembling all over, and hadn't enough power to answer back.

Ever since I was seven, my gang had given shows, with soap boxes for the stage and candles for footlights. I was the prima donna, haughtily dressed in mother's discarded silk dresses, old hats, and high-heeled slippers much too big for me.

My next step toward singing for an audience was participating in Sunday School pageants. Then, though I was too young to realize where it started, or how it happened, Washington was talking war. There were bands, and bugles, and flags waving, and soldiers walking around the streets in their khaki uniforms and Sam Browne belts. It was all tremendously stirring and thrilling to me, because I did not grasp the tragedy in the world at that time. However, I did realize that the thing to do was to sing for the soldiers, so I participated in the shows given for the khaki-clad men at the camps near Washington.

I'll never forget the first event of this kind. I was dressed up in white dimity,

with blue socks and a big blue hair ribbon binding my short braids. I was scared when I first stepped out to sing, because there was a peculiar hush in the audience—a hush that I have known many times since. Then I began to sing, and I felt better the moment I opened my mouth and the first words of "The Rose of No Man's Land" blended with the piano accompaniment. I felt that queer "pull" response from the soldiers, and I was fearlessly and enormously happy. The applause was thrilling, and I went home that night utterly resolved that I would go on the stage when I graduated from school.

A very big moment was meeting President Wilson when I sang at the White House Photographers' Banquet. He prophesied that I would be an opera star some day. The prediction of that great President is wrong—so far.

During my last years of high school, I finally dared to tell my family that I wanted to go on the stage when I had my diploma. I knew this would disappoint them, because they had always told me that they wanted me to become a nurse. There were so many doctors in our family that this was a natural ambition for them to hope for their child.

They warned me that most stage careers were achieved after many unhappinesses. And—three years later—I found out that they were quite right.

(Read the second installment of *Kate Smith's life story* in next month's issue.)

From Furs to Fertilizer

(Continued from page 33)

what I want, so as to be sure it's fresh."

"It's always fresher than Cantor's get-offs," chuckled the storekeeper. "Mostly they ain't dated—they's antedated."

"Never you mind, Allan, jest git me that coffee," smiled Matilda. "An' some more things. Oh, yes, I want a box of Clara, Lu an' Em washing powder."

"Here you be, Matilda. The name is Super Suds."

"As ef I didn't know! Stop yer foolishness and give me a half pound o' Paul Whiteman cheese."

"Ho, ho, that's good," gurgled the grocer. Then, mock-seriously: "I'm all outa Whiteman cheese, madam, how will some Kraft do instead?"

And so it went for ten minutes, these two having a perfectly gorgeous time exchanging banter based on radio identities. I was amazed, but wondered if I wasn't witnessing a scene staged for my especial benefit. The store door slammed and a farmer walked in. Immediately Matilda dropped her bantering air and inquired of him:

"Where you been so long, Silas? A body'd think you had a team o' horses to hitch up."

Silas chuckled and replied: "Oh, I stopped by to get some o' Lowell Thomas' Blue Sunoco; then Will Rogers and George M. Cohan sold me some of that Good Gulf Oil, so now we're set for the trip back."

Matilda was appeased, but she retorted:

"I ain't begun to get everything we need. You'd better help me, to make sure I don't forget anything. I didn't make a list."

Her husband said teasingly: "You women and your everlastin' lists! Can't you use yer eyes? Look around—there's J. C. Nugent sellin' his pipe tobacco. I'll have a can of his Dill's Best. And better get a carton of them cigarettes the opera stars sing for."

These masculine wants attended to, Silas lost all interest in the shopping expedition. But Matilda continued the game. In fact she enjoyed it.

"How about some of Ethel Shutta's Nestle's chocolate for Mary Louise? You men only think of yourselves. And I'll take some of Burns and Allen's White Owl cigars for Cousin George and his son."

While the storekeeper reached for the various goods, Matilda scanned the shelves and bins. "And what else," inquired Shay.

Matilda ordered glibly:

"Some Lady Esther cold cream. You know that Wayne King's orchestra plays so smoothly. Oh, yes, and that face powder she sells that stands the bite test. If it's as smooth as King's music, Mary Louise wants me to bring her some. And for my hands, I'll take some of Walter Winchell's lotion—Jer-

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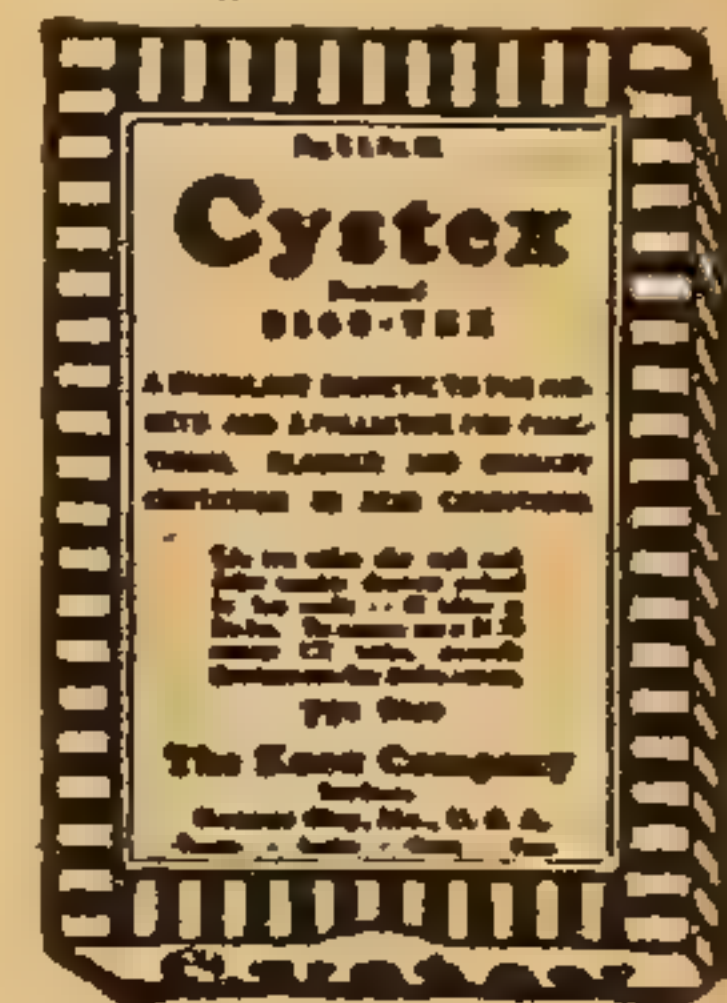
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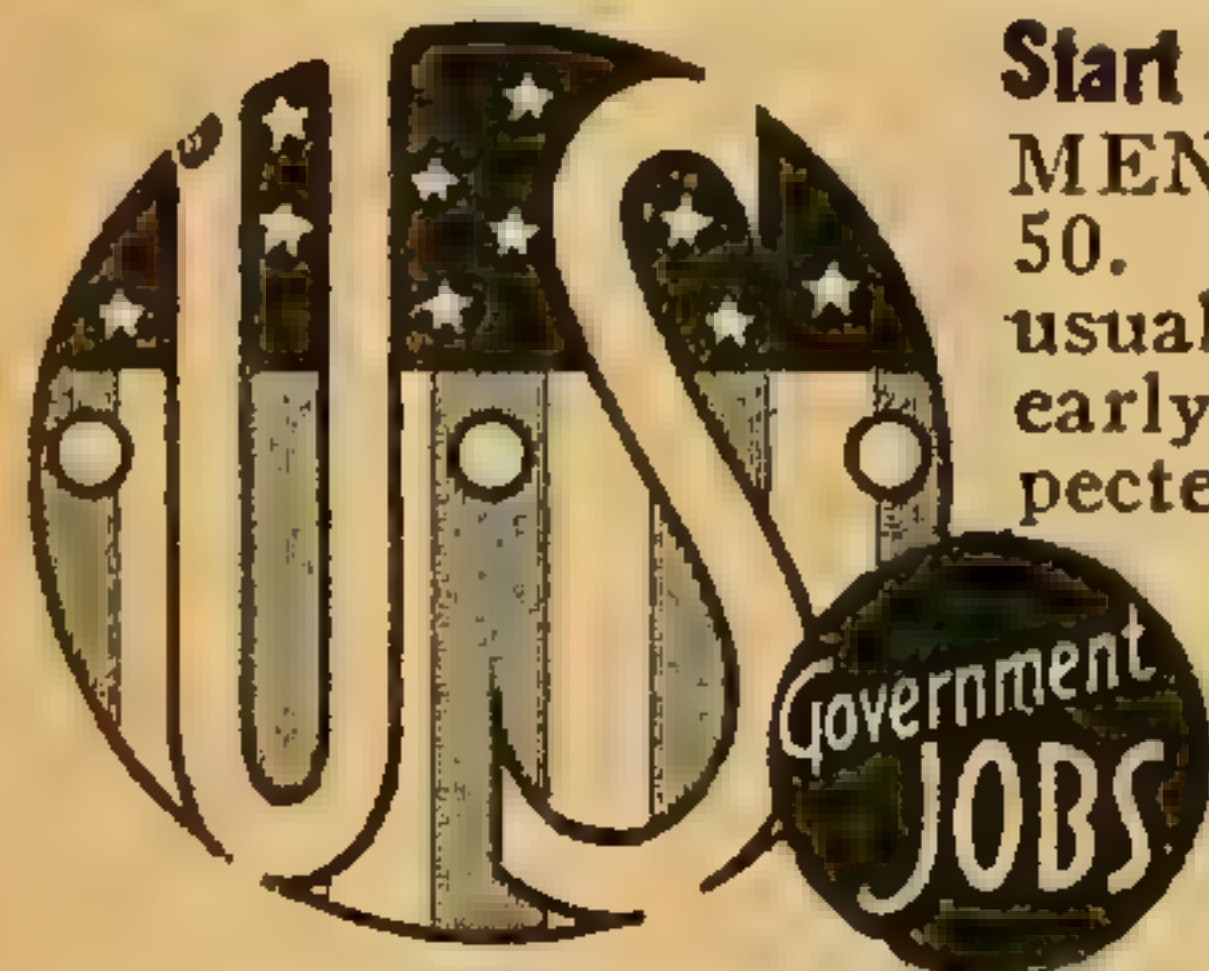
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gens'. And the little feller said to be sure and bring him some Myrt and Marge chewing gum.

"And you can give me a Phil Baker Armour ham. And we'll have beer with that for Sunday night's supper—Bernie's Blue Ribbon beer—we enjoy him and the lads so much on the radio.

"Now, for the medicine chest we need some of Helen Morgan's Bi-so-dol for my indigestion; Bing Crosby's soap, the Woodbury; Amos and Andy's Pepsodent tooth paste, or maybe I should say the Goldberg's?"

"Same thing," responded the storekeeper.

"Oh, yes, and the little feller listens to them Courtney Riley Cooper yarns, that's how I get him to swallow that Scott's Emulsion. Better give me some of that. And the Orphan Annie Ovaltine. I'm trying to get that child to put on a coupla pounds—he's so energetic, he wears himself down."

"ALL boys are like that. Mine looked like a beanpole till he was eighteen," said the man behind the counter.

"I ain't waitin' that long to fatten mine up," retorted Matilda.

With that off her mind, Matilda began to think of herself.

"Now I want some of them Enna Jettick shoes, and Eddie Duchin's Junis Cream. There's Littman's and Orbach's—guess I'll get me some ready made dresses for church goin'. And if we have a good crop, and can get prices for 'em, maybe I'll be able to get me some of them I. J. Fox furs this Fall."

At this juncture, Silas came back to his spouse's side, and broke in with:

"If we have good prices this Fall, I'm fer buying a Ford that Fred Waring and his gang plays for. And I just had a look at some of them Firestone tires, you know the ones Lawrence Tibbett sings for, and that Harvey Firestone talks about."

"Why a Ford, pray? I like B. A. Rolfe's music better! Let's get a Teraplane. They've got that new streamline, ain't they?"

As the storekeeper wrapped their purchases and totaled the account, this pair squabbled amiably about their future purchases, "if" the crop prices were right. Their purchases completed, the couple departed, Matilda quoting

Phil Cook's familiar "I'll see you subsequently," as she went through the door.

The proprietor assured me this kind of purchasing was a regular routine in his store.

"Folks in these parts has got in the habit of orderin' everything they kin by the name of the radius artists," he explained. "Everybody's got a radius these days and everybody listens in, especially these long Winter nights. I dunno who started it, but it's become the custom to buy things that-a-way. Why, even the children get the craze. Kids come in here and ask fer a bar of Baby Rose Marie, instead of Tasty-east. Ef folks want a Fleischmann yeast cake, they ask fer a Rudy Vallee. This seems kinda cute to me, seein' as how Rudy needs plenty to buck him up, with so much trouble with wimmen. Good grief, did yew ever see a man in sich messes all the time as him? Now ef I was Rudy, I'd—"

But I didn't wait to hear how he would solve Rudy's domestic problems. Instead, I interrupted to ask if the farmers played this "radius" game as well as their women folks and children.

"Well, you heard Silas Roe, didn't yew?" he ejaculated. "Why, lady, you'd be surprised how far-fetchin' and what a influence the radius is playing on folks' daily lives."

As I was making my departure, I got another sample of that "radius influence."

"HOW about a package of bird seed, ma'am?" he asked me.

"Bird seed?" I repeated, puzzled. "I have no use for bird seed—I don't own a canary."

"You don't have to own a canary to eat bird seed," he persisted. "It's best fer humans."

"But I don't like bird seed," I retorted, by now really provoked.

"Sez yew," chuckled the grocer. "But the bird seed pop'lar in these parts is spelled B-Y-R-D and means Grape-Nuts."

And then it dawned on me. Grape-Nuts, of course, sponsor the Admiral Byrd broadcasts and Byrd-Seeds for Grape-Nuts wouldn't be snubbed by a Broadway gag man, at that. No use talking, travel is enlightening—especially if one goes gadding in the mountainous regions of Jersey.

LIBERTY America's Best Read Weekly

Presents its Editor-in-Chief

FULTON OURSLER

NOVELIST, DRAMATIST, COMMENTATOR

10 P. M. Eastern Time

EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT

In 15 Sparkling Minutes of Glimpses Behind the Scenes in Politics, Hollywood and Other Features of National Interest

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WBZ—Boston
WSYR—Syracuse

KDKA—Pittsburgh
WKBF—Indianapolis
KWCR—Cedar Rapids
WREN—Kansas City
KWK—St. Louis
CFCE—Montreal

TUNE IN FRIDAY NIGHT!

When Lopez Plays

(Continued from page 13)

As a child, Lopez studied piano, guitar and mandolin. He never played much with the youngsters in the neighborhood, and he knew little about the games that kids enjoy. When he was thirteen, his parents sent him to St. Mary's School in Dunkirk, N. Y., a branch of the Monastery of the Passionist Fathers. It was here that Lopez was to be educated and trained to be a missionary. But he never had the feeling of being at home amidst the grim, grey walls of his surroundings and, after three years, he finally summoned the courage to walk into the executive offices of the school and state:

"I don't believe I can go on any longer."

THE Fathers made no efforts to dissuade him. He returned home to his disappointed parents. They decided he should enter upon a business career and, to that end, he enrolled at a business college in Brooklyn.

"I studied shorthand and typing," Lopez reminisced, adding: "I can still type at a fast rate of speed."

"As fast as you play 'Kitten On the Keys'?" I asked, referring to the piano solo that Lopez has identified with himself.

He smiled. "Not quite."

After a year at business college, Lopez found a job as secretary to an executive in a milk firm in Brooklyn. He disliked the grind of business routine and puzzled how he could leave his job and get a position with a band or with a cafe as pianist that would pay him enough to live on. But he didn't know how this was done. He bided his time, and opportunity soon came knocking at his door. He heard it, too.

"At the milk company," Lopez said, "I met a man named John O'Kane who was a private detective and whose avocation was singing. John was in demand at parties. As a rule, he asked me to go along with him and I did. One evening, we went to Clayton's Cafe in Brooklyn. They had singing waiters and a piano player there as entertainment. I thought I might get a job there, too."

He did—as assistant pianist.

"You must have been keeping long hours," I figured.

"I was," he nodded. "I was at the milk company from nine until five and at the cafe from nine in the evening until four in the morning."

When Lopez' parents learned he was playing the piano in a cafe, they disapproved so vehemently that Lopez departed the parental roof and went to live with one of the singing waiters at the cafe with whom he had become friends. The following summer, Clayton's closed and then began Lopez' slow but sure rise to fame. He played at McLoughlin's famous cafe in Sheepshead Bay. Later, he ventured into New York as pianist for the orchestra at the once renowned Pekin Restaurant. Jazz was beginning to be the popular craze

and bands were coming into favor.

"I soon learned, however," Lopez said, "that four things were required to make an orchestra individualistic—rhythm, melody, orchestration, and interpretation."

Being a thorough workman, Lopez equipped himself for success by studying orchestration under J. Bodewalt Lampe and directing under Paul Eisler of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

It was in 1922 when radio was in its infancy, that Lopez made his air debut, the forerunner to his immense popularity in this sphere of entertainment. That debut was in a way due to Paul Whiteman. Station WJZ—the station that now resides in ultra luxury in National Broadcasting's magnificent Rockefeller Center offices—was then located in Newark, New Jersey, a goodly trek from New York City. This station had asked Paul Whiteman to bring his band out and broadcast but Whiteman decided it was too much of a trip. Lopez was invited to broadcast. Lopez went. Not only did he make his debut but he stumbled on the lines that have since become his radio trademark.

"What," Lopez nervously asked the announcer before he went on the air, "shall I say into the microphone?"

"Say anything," the announcer helped. "Say — 'Hello, everybody. Lopez speaking.'"

Lopez has been saying just that ever since.

"But it wasn't always easy sailing even after I became established as an orchestra leader," Lopez remarked.

Success led to a dark moment in Lopez' career. At the height of his rise to popularity, he received an offer to play at the Kit Kat Club in London. He accepted it and while in London also played at various motion picture theatres and in a legitimate musical show. Returning to New York from his triumphs in England and on the Continent, Lopez discovered that his name had waned in popularity since his absence.

"I had to begin practically all over again," Lopez recollected.

HE succeeded, though there were gloomy gaps when he wondered if he was going to succeed. He had his own club—the Casa Lopez on West 54th Street. This was destroyed by fire. He had another Casa Lopez club next to the Winter Garden. This was not a success. In 1929, Lopez opened at the Woodmansten Inn in exclusive Westchester. Liquor was served at this gay rendezvous of society. Prohibition authorities promptly snapped a padlock on its door. He went to Pelham Heath. Society followed him. So did the prohibition authorities—with a padlock. Life was becoming one padlock after another.

In the midst of these troubles, however, Lopez' friends in society remembered him when remembering would do him a real service. The St. Regis Hotel in New York was searching for an



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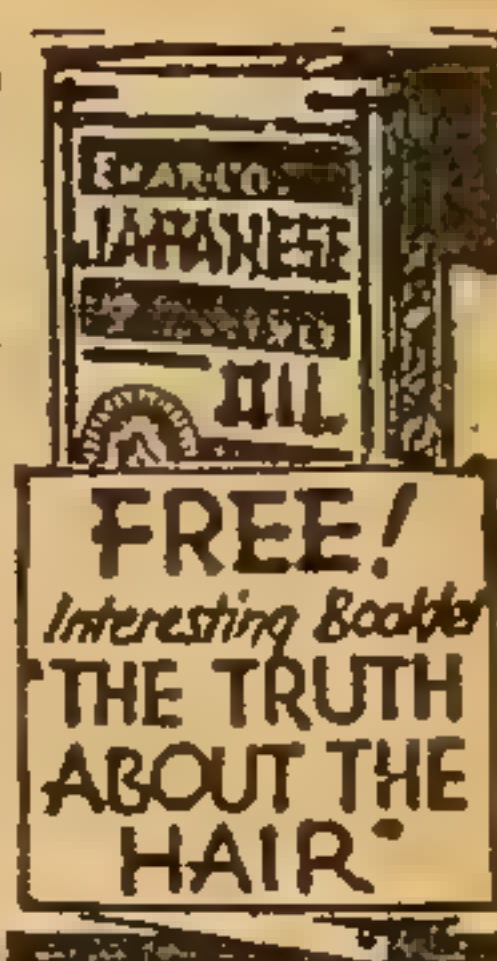
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IF YOU WANT

- Money
- A Good Job
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More than 3,000,000 people are now making their living in various kinds of spare time activity, according to W. R. Conkling, nationally known business authority.

Most of these 3,000,000 people took to spare time work because they lost their jobs in industry and could find nothing else to do. From the ranks of the unemployed have been recruited not only factory workers but people from the professions; lawyers, teachers, doctors, journalists, etc. Earnings now often exceed what they were when they were employed full time.

PRACTICAL—SUCCESSFUL—PROFITABLE

"1000 Spare Time Money Making Ideas" contains 1000 true reports of what these people are actually doing now to earn extra money at home. The plans have been tried repeatedly. They have proven practical, successful, and profitable. They are recommended to all those who are interested in augmenting their present incomes; also to all victims of the recent economic depression—women who want to bolster up the family budget—men and women beyond middle age and dependent upon others—recent college graduates not yet placed—and all who must earn money.

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"1000 Spare Time Money Making Ideas" also contains several hundred practical plans on how to start your own business at home with little or no investment. Why not start your own business and be independent? When you work for yourself there is no limit to the money you can earn. And you need not give up your job if employed. Start your business in spare time at home evenings. When you have built up a good business, you can leave your job and enjoy the pleasure and that carefree feeling that comes with being your own boss.

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I enclose \$1.00 for which please send me a copy of 1000 Money Making Ideas. I understand that my money will be refunded if the book does not prove entirely satisfactory. (Enclose \$1.25 from countries other than U. S. and Canada.)

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

orchestra leader who would be a popular attraction to its newly decorated roof high-spot.

"Why don't you engage Lopez?" a society man suggested to the hotel management.

The hotel management decided the idea good. Lopez was engaged to open the smart roof garden. He remained for several years and then went to the Congress Hotel in Chicago. Frequently, he plays in motion picture theatres. Over the air, his orchestra continues to rank with the prime favorites.

Lopez is thirty-seven years old and he has been in the musical profession for twenty of these years. He has no

quarrel with life. It has been, for the most part, very kind to him. He is patient and he is a worker. On Broadway, they call him "the unsinkable Lopez." He may have his moments of rough sledding, but he has courage, ability, and the individuality to end on top. Millions of radio listeners testify to their liking of Lopez by the thousands and thousands of letters he receives.

Yes, Vincent Lopez dreamed true as a boy. He has spread the musical gospel in the United States. More even than this, he has won a vast circle of friends and a stellar position in the "syncopated sun of fame."

Our Mother's Day Party

(Continued from page 43)

MENU

Grapefruit and Mint Cocktail
Baked Chicken
Mashed Potatoes
Asparagus
Creamed Spinach with Mushrooms
Lettuce with French Dressing
Angel Cake with Strawberry Ice Cream

GRAPEFRUIT AND MINT COCKTAIL

Grapefruits are inexpensive this time of the year, and with the mint leaves make a very cool, and refreshing cocktail. Remove the skin from the fruit, and cut into sections. Place about four slices in each glass, pour over about two tablespoons of ginger ale, and arrange sprays of mint attractively.

BAKED CHICKEN

Buy a roasting chicken, and have the butcher cut as for frying. Wash the meat and dry with a fresh towel. Have on your work table a bowl with flour, and one with egg yolks mixed with a tablespoonful of water. Dip each piece of chicken in egg, and then in the flour. Place these in a greased baking dish and bake about fifty minutes, until a golden brown color is procured, basting every fifteen minutes with butter dissolved in a cup of hot water.

MASHED POTATOES

Peel potatoes, wash and cut in half, or if large in quarter pieces. Put in pan of water, and add to this one tablespoon of salt. Boil for about twenty-five to thirty-five minutes, or until soft when tried with a fork. Drain off the water, mash, add salt, pepper, butter, and milk until of a creamy consistency.

ASPARAGUS

Cut off flower parts of stalks as far as the stalks will snap. Remove scales, wash, and then tie into three or four bunches. Cook standing up in boiling water, that has been salted until soft, about twenty minutes, the first ten minutes the tips should be standing upright and then place the entire vegetable in water. Remove from water,

untie by cutting string with scissors, and pour over melted butter.

CREAMED SPINACH WITH MUSHROOMS

This is a dish that the person much opposed to spinach will relish. Wash the spinach well in two to four waters, depending on the spinach. Before washing the spinach cut off all undesired leaves and the ends. Cook in salted water for about twenty minutes, have the water boiling before adding vegetable. While spinach is cooking, cut up mushrooms and fry. Drain off spinach and add a quart of milk, thickened with flour and season. Then add mushrooms. Place mixture in baking dish, top with grated cheese, and bake twenty to forty minutes.

LETTUCE WITH FRENCH DRESSING

Arrange two or three leaves of lettuce on each salad dish, and pour over the French dressing just before serving.

FRENCH DRESSING

1 cup salad oil
½ cup vinegar
few drops onion juice
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon paprika

Place these in a covered jar, chill well, and before serving shake vigorously for a few minutes.

ANGEL CAKE

This recipe is for a medium size pan.
6 eggs
¾ cup sugar, sifted
½ teaspoon cream of tartar
salt

1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup family or all purpose flour
Beat the egg whites, to which the salt has been added until foamy, then after the cream of tartar has been added beat until egg whites are stiff. Sift the flour and sugar three or four times, and with the vanilla fold into the mixture. For angel cake never butter the pan. Bake in a slow oven for about one hour. 325° F.

STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM

Angel cake cut and served with fresh strawberry ice cream is an old favorite of many women.

- 1 quart strawberries
- 1 cup sugar
- 1½ cups heavy cream
- 1½ cups milk
- 4 egg whites
- pinch salt

Pick over berries, and wash, sprinkle

with sugar and let stand several hours; then squeeze through cheesecloth. Mix the egg whites that are stiff with the cream, milk, and salt. Freeze to a mush. Using three parts ice to one part of salt. Then add fruit juice and freeze until of desired mixture. Save a few large, attractive berries to cut in half to place around ice cream. If the ice cream is bought, buy a half pint of strawberries, wash, and allow to stand in sugar, to be soft to pour over the cream.

You Ask Her Another

(Continued from page 18)

think Mrs. Goldberg could be made into a realistic movie character?

A. Yes.

Q. What do you do when you're not Mrs. Goldberg?

A. Why then I'm writing about her.

Q. You have a family?

A. Yes, two, a boy and a girl.

Q. Do you carry your air problems into your private life?

A. Yes, but I have no private life.

Q. What is your favorite recreation?

A. I like to read a book and eat an apple when my day's work is done.

Q. What would you do if you didn't have to broadcast for three months?

A. I think I'd go crazy.

Q. Who is your favorite radio personality?

A. Rudy Vallee.

Q. What kind of people do you think are most interested in your radio

broadcasts?

A. All kinds, young people, old people—people in all walks of life.

Q. If you could be somebody else beside Gertrude Berg, who would you like to be?

A. Molly Goldberg.

Q. What is your most valued possession?

A. My children.

Q. How do you react to your unknown audience?

A. The whole thing is so real to me that I do not feel that I am playing before an audience.

Q. Who do you think is the outstanding figure in the world today?

A. President Roosevelt.

Q. Have you any message for your public?

A. I just hope we never wear the welcome off their dial.



BLONDES WANTED!

THOUSANDS of blondes—to become actresses, movie stars, secretaries, sweethearts, wives! All men prefer them, but only if their hair is *really* blonde, with that shimmer of gold and that fascinating sparkle. If your hair is faded, muddy, darkening, stringy—don't give up. But don't *dye*, either! Try BLONDEX, the special shampoo designed for light hair, now used by millions of blondes all over the world. BLONDEX is a fine rich-lathering powder that *naturally* brings new golden color, gleaming lustrousness to the drabest light hair. Try it and see. Get BLONDEX today at any good drug or dept. store. Two sizes — the economical \$1.00 bottle and the inexpensive 25c package. NEW: *Have you tried Blondex Wave-Set? Doesn't darken light hair-35c.*



IMPORTED 15¢

To introduce our blue-white rainbow flash stones, we will send a 1 Kt. IMPORTED Simulated Diamond, mounted in nice ring as illustrated, for this ad. and 15c expense. Address National Jewelry Co., Dept. Q, Wheeling, W. Va. (2 for 25c.)

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You'd know Stoopnagle and Budd were up to something. This time the popular air comedians are trying out a shower-bath without any holes, but claim it's for people who prefer to take a tub, anyhow.

RADIO GIRL
PERFUME
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Unseen Beauty Wins

To visible beauty add this exquisite fragrance and you will have irresistible charm... RADIO GIRL Perfume is compounded from French essential oils—to glorify the modern American Girl... And RADIO GIRL Face Powder spreads a delicate film to beautify and protect your skin. There is a shade for your complexion.

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Get regular size Radio Girl Perfume and trial size Radio Girl Face Powder. Send 10c (coin or stamps) to cover mailing cost. (Offer good in U. S. only.) Write Dept. R5.
RADIO GIRL, St. Paul, Minn.

Hot and Airy

(Continued from page 5)

letter of appreciation from Cantor. And if Joe Miller, their inspiration and common source of material, were alive today no doubt he too would be clamoring for recognition.

SAYS THE CONTROL MAN

Is Jessica Dragonette married or about to make the plunge are questions agitating some folks. Jessica says no. An initial on her handbag started the speculation. The lark explains it is her own middle initial and doesn't mean anything else. . . . Ethel Waters, the negro songstress, has a prodigious memory and can recall both tunes and lyrics of songs done years ago. Thanks to this faculty, she also sings in Russian, Hebrew and French, but can't carry on a conversation in anything but English. . . . Children certainly have become Joe Penner conscious. "You nawsty man" and other Pennerisms are heard all over the land. He is the most imitated radio entertainer since Amos 'n' Andy swept the nation. . . . Boake Carter, the son of English parents, was born in Baku, Russia. . . . Jack Smart was at one time a Hollywood extra. . . . Albert Spalding served in the World War under the command of Major Fiorello LaGuardia, now mayor of New York City. . . . Tony Wons is married to the daughter of a sea captain. . . . Teddy Bergman and Norman Brokenshire first met their wives in radio studios. . . . She was Countess Olga Albani when she was singing on the NBC networks. Now, on WOR, independent Newark station, she is plain Olga Albani. . . . Frank Luther has discovered that Ed Wynn really has an uncle, and that the uncle doesn't like Ed. . . . Peggy Healy has convinced herself she is developing a double chin but is provoked because other people don't believe it.

Ray Perkins, engaging a new gag writer, directed, "Put everything you've got into the script." When Ray read it, he found nothing but jokes about athlete's feet, rheumatism, arthritis, sinus and the like. "Great Scott," he protested, "you seem to have everything but mumps and the measles!"

When Margery, the seven-year-old daughter of Peter Van Steeden, leader of the orchestra on the Jack Pearl broadcast, told her father she wanted a pair of guppies, he agreed to get them for her. But with a lamentable ignorance of natural history. After a series of more or less blessed events that couple of guppies has increased to a couple of hundred. "How was I to know that guppies are practically nautical guinea pigs?" wails Van Steeden, as he sadly surveys a dozen tanks cluttering up his drawing room.

STUDIO SIDELIGHTS

Gertrude Niesen, one of the new sen-

sations of radio, is rapidly gaining a reputation as being very temperamental. But true to the traditions of the theatre, she has proved herself also a real trouser. On more than one occasion she has made broadcast and night club appearances when almost too ill to get out of bed. . . . Announcers whose tongues have stumbled over it are praying that the song "My Little Grass Shack in Kealahakua, Hawaii" will soon be murdered on the air. . . . A model of the hands of Jimmy Kemper, the baritone, are preserved in a museum at Milan, Italy. . . . Of course it had to come—now there's a cigar named after George Jessel. . . . Lawrence Tibbett, who scored several triumphs this season at the Metropolitan Opera House as well as electrifying radio listeners by his concerts, has named his new son, Michael Edward Tibbett—the initials quite appropriately spelling "Met." . . . James Melton, after a long career with NBC, is now singing on the Columbia network. . . . Because a New York radio editor exposed Graham McNamee's plans to marry Ann Lee Sims quietly in Jersey City, the ace announcer fled to Elkton, Md., to have the knot tied. The new Mrs. McNamee is the daughter of a Louisiana cotton planter. She was in New York seeking a stage career when McNamee first met her. . . . Jimmy Durante, before he became famous, was a photo-engraver and singer in a Coney Island honky-tonk. . . . The alarm clock which causes Will Rogers to quit his broadcast in confusion in the middle of a sentence isn't an alarm clock at all. It is an electric bell which the cowboy-humorist-philosopher rings himself when he gets the signal his time is up.

Jack Benny, profiting by his long stage experience, comes forward with an excellent suggestion, which, if adopted, will insure better radio programs. Benny's idea is that air comics should try out their material on the smaller stations before projecting it on the networks. It is an application of the tryout policy in the legitimate theatre—taking shows to "dog" towns before producing them on Broadway. Benny's thought is that transcriptions be made of a comedian's act and played on stations in the lesser communities. "Then," says Benny, "a comedian will be enabled to learn exactly where his material is weak and where it needs pruning and refurbishing."

John McCormack had a cold one day. His voice was in such shape he could scarcely talk, let alone sing. His sponsors, in a panic, were seeking a substitute for the broadcast that night. "Don't worry," said the Irish tenor, "I'll be all right by night." Four hours later he returned to the studio and sang without trace of hoarseness. McCormack explained that his faith had made him whole. He is deeply religious.

IN A COUPLE OF NUTSHELLS

Most male singers remove their collars and ties when they do their stuff in the studios. The reason is their collars are too high and interfere with the knee action of their Adams apples. Rudy Vallee wears a shirt with a specially constructed collar a little lower in the front. . . . Andre Baruch, the Columbia announcer, is a double for Bing Crosby. . . . Roy Smeck, the first musician starred in the talkies, can't read a note. . . . Ben Bernie is reported writing a sequel to "The Last Round-Up," entitled "I Hope I've Heard the Last of the Last Round-Up." . . . Colonel Stoopnagle always appears with a gardenia in his coat lapel. . . . His partner, Budd Hulick, never wears an undershirt, winter or summer. . . . Irene Taylor grew up with Ginger Rogers at Fort Worth, Texas. . . . But Irene, by the way, never really did grow up. She is so small that when she sits on a chair her legs swing in the air. . . . Edwin C. Hill's radio talks have been published in book form. . . . Wayne King wouldn't think of venturing forth on a rainy day without his galoshes. . . . Vera Van owns a fruit orchard in California. . . . Ten-year-old Florence Halop, juvenile radio actress, impersonated Mae West on a recent March of Time broadcast. Five adult players tried for the role couldn't make the grade. . . . Ozzie Nelson was christened Oswald by his parents. . . . The sisters of Phil Baker and Ben Bernie operate a reducing farm at Harrison, N. Y. They won't allow a radio at the resort; they claim it makes people relax and that relaxing is no way to lose weight.

Edsel Ford, in inaugurating the Ford program on Columbia, proved himself as great a showman as his dad. "I don't intend to spoil the program by intrusive advertising," he announced. And wonder of all wonders, he didn't.

Charles Hackett, leaving radio flat to return to the Metropolitan Opera House, delivered himself of some impressions of radio hardly flattering. "Radio is doing a lot of harm to the standards of good music," said the Irish firebrand. "It has created a public demand for a style of music that's sappy and inconsequential."

STUDIO PICKUPS

Phil Cook, who married his boyhood sweetheart, is still so much in love with his wife that every time he writes her name he puts down an exclamation mark after it like this—! . . . Because T. Daniel Frawley, the veteran NBC player, used to roam around the world at the head of his own theatrical companies, he was introduced to a radio audience the other night as "the noblest Roman of them all." . . . Ted Fiorito has the youngest drummer in captivity. His name is Charlie Price

and he's only 18. . . . Announcers have more trouble pronouncing "statistics" than any other word in frequent use. . . . Abe Lyman drove the first yellow taxi to appear on the streets of Chicago, his home town. . . . Among recent applicants for an audition at NBC was a wire walker. He became upset and lost his balance when the audition chief asked him what a wire walker could do on the wireless. . . . "No taffeta dresses" is the order in the Columbia studios to actresses. The rustle of taffeta comes through the microphones like the sound of a violent sand storm. . . . Nat Shilkret, the musical director, is gifted with an amazing memory. He can play a score over once and then repeat it without consulting a lead sheet. And, according to Mrs. Shilkret, he always remembers to forget to post the letters she gives him to mail. . . . Most of the pages on the night staff of NBC at Radio City are college students by day. And many on the day staff attend the RCA Radio Institute by night.

A Columbia page dashed into the studio just as Mark Warnow completed his broadcast.

"You're wanted on the phone, Mr. Warnow," he announced.

"Can't come now—gotta conference," said Warnow. "Tell 'em to call back later"

"You gotta come now—it's urgent," pleaded the page

"Sez who?" queried the director

"Sez the doctor," the exasperated messenger explained, "your wife just had a baby"

P.S.—Warnow broke all records getting to the phone.

They were reminiscing about the early days of broadcasting when things weren't so well organized. Some one told how nimble-witted Ray Knight saved himself from an embarrassing situation. Ray, as master of ceremonies, introduced a soloist, only to be told that a duet was next on the program. He corrected himself to learn that he was still wrong—it was a trio. Then Knight announced a quartette as the next number and a twenty-man chorus marched up to the mike. But Ray proved he was the dauntless Knight of the air by getting to the microphone first. "This is a rabbit quartette," he announced, "it multiplies faster than I can announce them."

TELLING IT TERSELY

Annette Hanshaw and Conrad Thibault of the Show Boat program are romancing. . . . Martha Mears, sensational new vocalist on NBC, is a St. Louis girl discovered by Gus Edwards, veteran developer of stage talent. . . . Mildred Bailey, retired from the Columbia airwaves, is now in vaudeville with her brother, Al Rinker, once of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys. . . . Teddy Bergman, known only to radio audiences as a comic and impersonator, has a really fine baritone voice. . . . Pontiac's new program with Raymond Paige's orchestra and a negro choir of

GLAMOUR! ROMANCE! BIG MONEY! BROADCASTING

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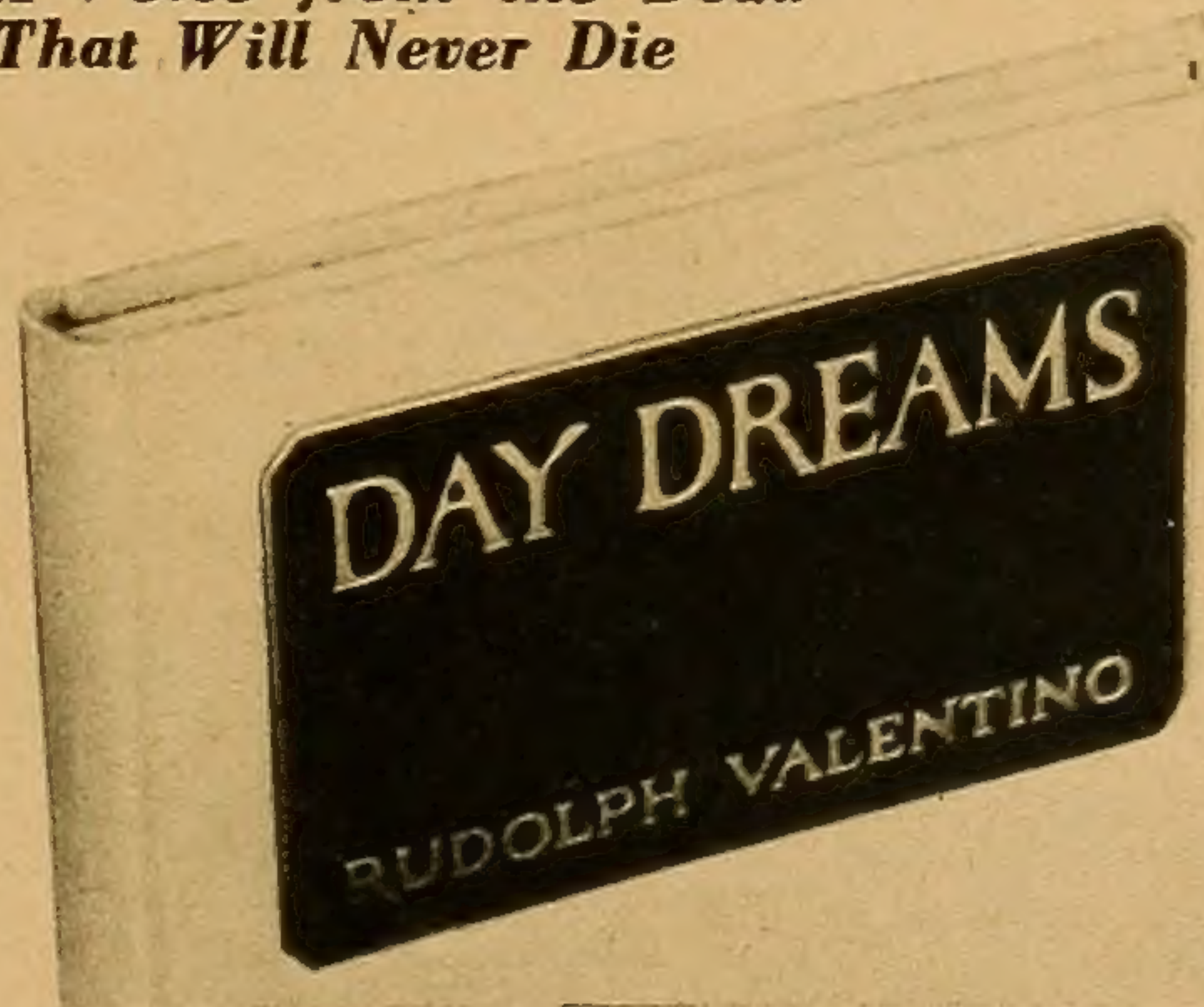
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ninety voices projected from Hollywood costs \$17,500 per broadcast. It is one of the most expensive on the air. . . . By watching her calories, or something, Ramona has dieted away twelve pounds. . . . The Revelers expect to sail for Europe June 1st. . . . The dramatic interlude, "Riding to Heaven on a Mule" which Al Jolson did the other broadcast, was written by Peter Dixon, one of radio's better

playwrights. . . . Stephen Fox is a dandy linguist. He can order a drink in any living language and several dead ones. . . . Irwin Delmore, who plays Mr. Pinkbaum in Fred Allen's Revue, is a practicing attorney in New York. . . . Morton Downey has an inordinate craving for ice cream. . . . Jacques Renard, the maestro, toured South America with Anna Pavlowa when he was a high school lad wearing his

first pair of long trousers. . . . Dolores Roach, Rudy Vallee's new vocalist, is the wife of Sammy Cohen, film comedian. . . . Phil Spitalny has \$100,000 insurance on his library of original musical manuscripts. . . . Bing Crosby's most prized possession is a "fan" letter from the late Ring Lardner. . . . Fred Allen says that the period furniture dealers are now showing antique radio sets to match the comedians' jokes.

In the Stars' Kitchens

(Continued from page 41)

BAKED BANANAS

- 6 bananas, cut in halves
- 3 tablespoons butter, melted
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice

Place bananas in a baking dish, mix butter, sugar, and lemon juice, and baste the bananas with just half the mixture. Bake for about twenty minutes in 325° F. oven and during baking baste with the mixture.

Al Jolson, the mammy singer, gets Ruby Keeler to write you her Deep Apple Pie recipe.

APPLE PIE

- 8 to 10 sour apples
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon grated nutmeg
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- Lemon rind gratings

For deep apple pie do not line baking dish with pie crust; but pare, core, and cut apples in eighths. Put in baking dish, and sprinkle with mixed sugar, nutmeg or cinnamon, salt, and lemon juice and few gratings of lemon rind. Dot with butter. Fill with more apples, spread over this the flavoring mixture and dot with more butter. Put on top pie crust. Serve plain, with whipped cream, or vanilla ice cream. Bake pie

in 350° F. oven for about fifty to sixty minutes.

Vincent Lopez, who plays the piano as you want it played, prefers this Celery Stuffing for his bluefish.

CELERY STUFFING

- $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups bread
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 tablespoon poultry dressing
- 2 teaspoons salt
- Pepper
- 1 cup finely chopped celery
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup melted butter

Pour the boiling water over the bread and let stand fifteen to twenty-five minutes; squeeze out all the water possible, add remaining ingredients and mix thoroughly. Cut lemon in fifths and place around the fish platter.

"Our Public" Broadcasting

(Continued from page 45)

almost weird about it. I thank God for the privilege of living in the age that produced a miracle such as this.

However, there are some features about the programs I would change:

Too many singers! Or shall I say "would-be" singers? Jazz singers; blues singers; harmony trios. Turn from one station to another, all along the dial—what do you hear? "Annie Doesn't Live Here Anymore", or whatever the current song happens to be. Too much repetition—the bugaboo of the movies! Give us more programs like last year's "Chandu"; Doctor Fu Manchu; Sherlock Holmes! Something to carry over interest from day to day or week to week.

More advertisers should follow the tactics of Ben Bernie, Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor.

Radio Mirror is to Radio what ham is to eggs. I enjoy every bit of it. Why not an interview with Clara, Lu and Em, or Today's Children? Some of the lovable characters we housewives adore.

Your question and answer department is a fine idea. Hurrah for RADIO MIRROR—the "best of the better" magazines. "Youza!"

MRS. J. E. MARKHAM,
Saginaw, Michigan.

QUESTION BOX

RAYMOND GARDNER, San Antonio—

Your friend is all wrong. Leah Ray is not married to Phil Harris. There's a Mrs. Phil Harris but the lovely-looking Leah is still single.

M. A., Pittsburgh—Write Bing Crosby for that information, addressing him at the Paramount Studios in Hollywood.

GERTRUDE S., Philadelphia—Rudy Vallee was born July 28, 1901. He's five feet, ten and a half inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. Has eighteen men in his regular orchestra.

MIRROR READER, Baltimore—It was neither of those men. Rudy Wiedoeft was the first to feature the saxophone.

EDWARD W., Tulsa—So Ruth Etting makes you feel so romantic! She's not a Southerner, was born in Nebraska and yes, she's married.

T. B., Los Angeles—You're an old smoothie, we're afraid, giving us all that praise, but thanks anyway. You can get in touch with Jessica Dragonette through the NBC Studios, New York.

H. V., Dallas—It's difficult to answer questions about the radio stars autographing photos. Some do and some don't. Some get so many requests they just have their names stamped on the pictures, but try your luck anyway.

MRS. FRED O'DELL, Roseville, Calif.—The Showboat is not a real boat and doesn't actually take those trips but the whole thing sounds pretty realistic

doesn't it? Whatever made you think Lanny Ross and Mary Lou were married? Lanny's still single and says he's heart free. Does that make you feel better?

FANNIE PALLARDEE, Baldwin, L. I.—We had two whole pages of "Easy Aces" pictures in the December issue of RADIO MIRROR.

HELEN V.—Don't be apologetic if there's something you want to know. That's what this department is for. Eddie Cantor lives with his family in a New York apartment but he owns a house in California; Jack Pearl is married; Portland Hoffa is really Fred Allen's wife. Any more?

SANDRA SMITH, Ramseur, N. C.—We sent your letter to Eddie Duchin and he was very much pleased. Keep up your good work. Those artists like to know they're appreciated and we're glad, too, that you like RADIO MIRROR.

GEORGE FRIENDLY, Chicago—You're sure you mean all those kind words? Ozzie Nelson didn't go to Yale. He's a Rutgers graduate.

SASCHA A., Albany—Your information's wrong. Tamara was born in Russia but has lived here since she was a child. We think she sings beautifully, too.

BERT CHARLES, Detroit—We're glad to settle your argument. Vincent Lopez' was the first orchestra to broadcast by remote control. So there you are.



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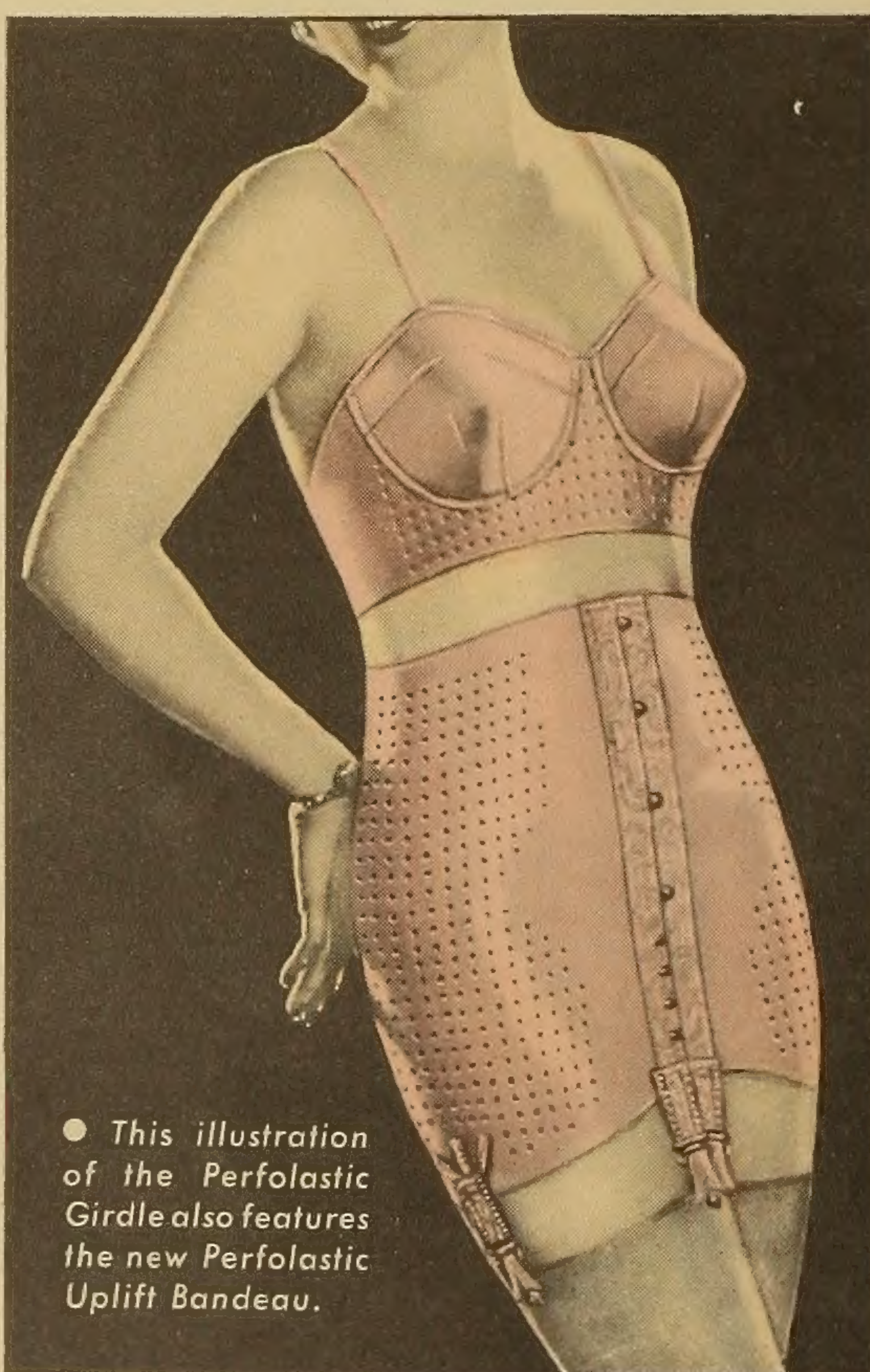
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